THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE!

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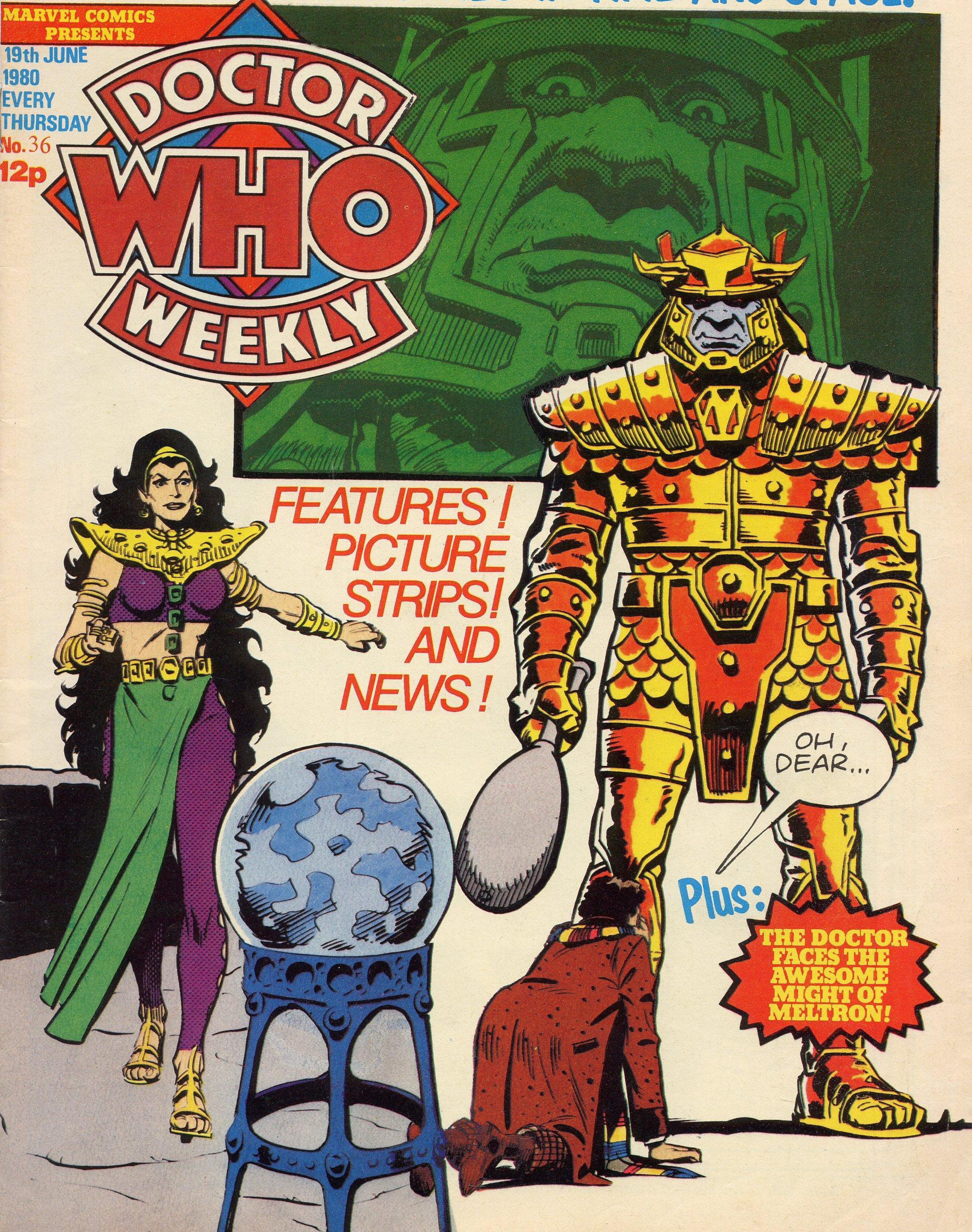
DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY



FEATURES!
PICTURE
STRIPS!
AND
NEWS!

Plus:

THE DOCTOR FACES THE AWESOME MIGHT OF MELTRON!

DOCTOR WHO

PIN-UP

Lalla Ward, the second incarnation of the Doctor's assistant, Roman from the last Dr Who series.

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

NUMBER 36

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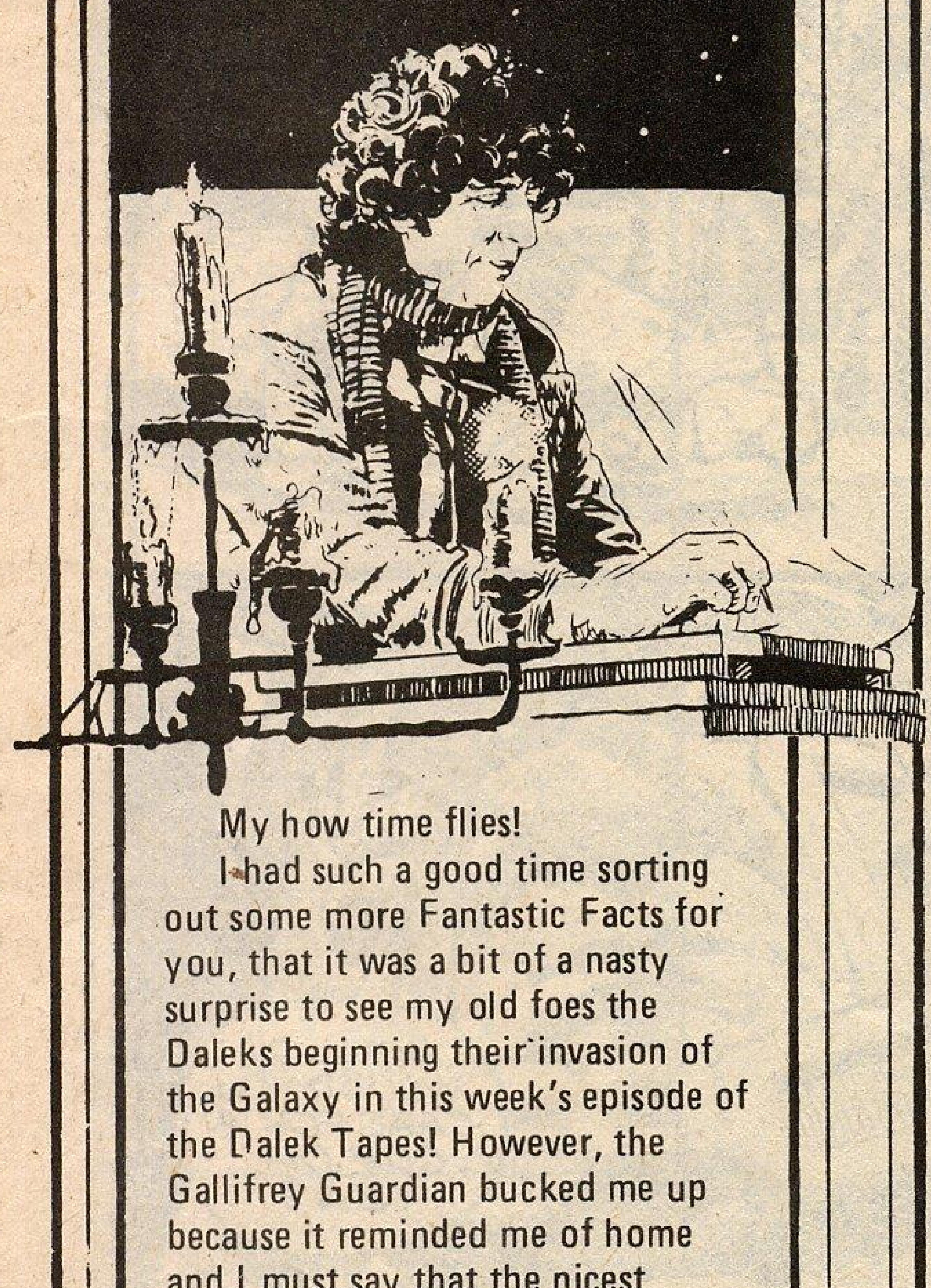

My how time flies!

I had such a good time sorting out some more Fantastic Facts for you, that it was a bit of a nasty surprise to see my old foes the Daleks beginning their invasion of the Galaxy in this week's episode of the Dalek Tapes! However, the Gallifrey Guardian bucked me up because it reminded me of home and I must say that the nicest surprise of all lay in the letters column! It brought a lump to my throat to know that you had all written so many nice letters about my old TV adventures that my friends at Marvel Comics have decided to adapt more of them for the weeks ahead! It's nice to be wanted, however many incarnations you've experienced, believe me!

Enjoy this week's comic,
Happy times and places,

The Doctor

CONTENTS

THE TIME WITCH 4

THE SECOND EXCITING EPISODE OF THE DOCTOR'S ADVENTURES WITH THE TIME WITCH CALLED BRIMO!

HELLO! WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CUP OF TEA?

U.N.I.T. HOTLINE 8

UNIT HQ PRESENTS THE LATEST TOP SECRET CODED MESSAGES, UFO REPORTS, AND ALIEN FACT CARDS.

THE DALEK TAPES 9

THE DALEK TAPES MOVE ON AS THE DALEKS ATTEMPT TO FURTHER THEIR PLANS OF CONQUEST.

WHO CARES 14

THE PAGE WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON YOU, YOUR LETTERS, STORIES, AND DRAWINGS!

TIME TALE 15

THE LATEST OF THE DOCTOR'S THRILLING TIME TALES!

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN 24

ALL THE LATEST NEWS TO KEEP TIME LORDS UP TO DATE!

BLACK LEGACY 25

THE CONTINUATION OF THIS STUNNING CYBERMEN SAGA!

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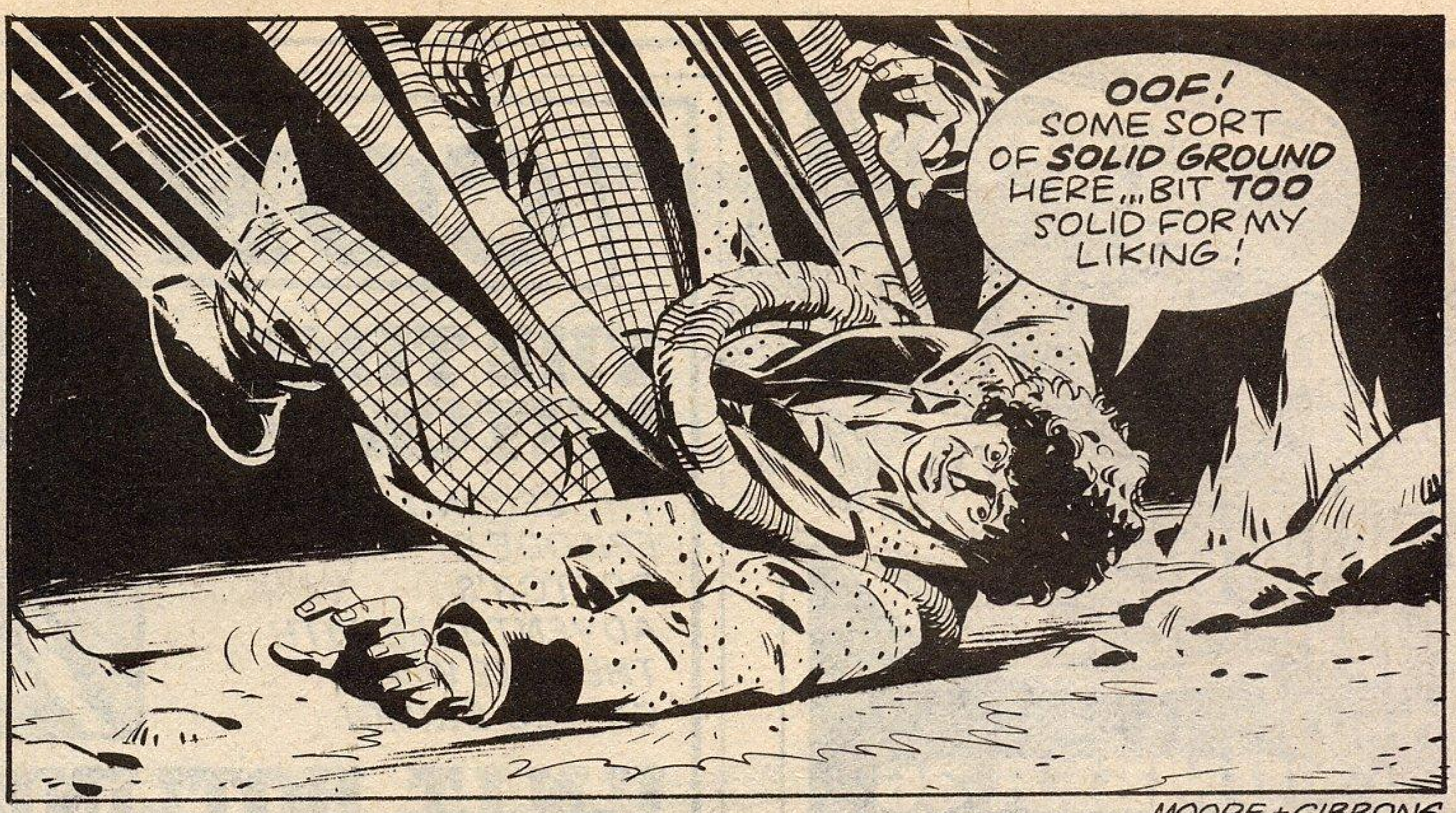
Another HaCsA Scan by Gothman

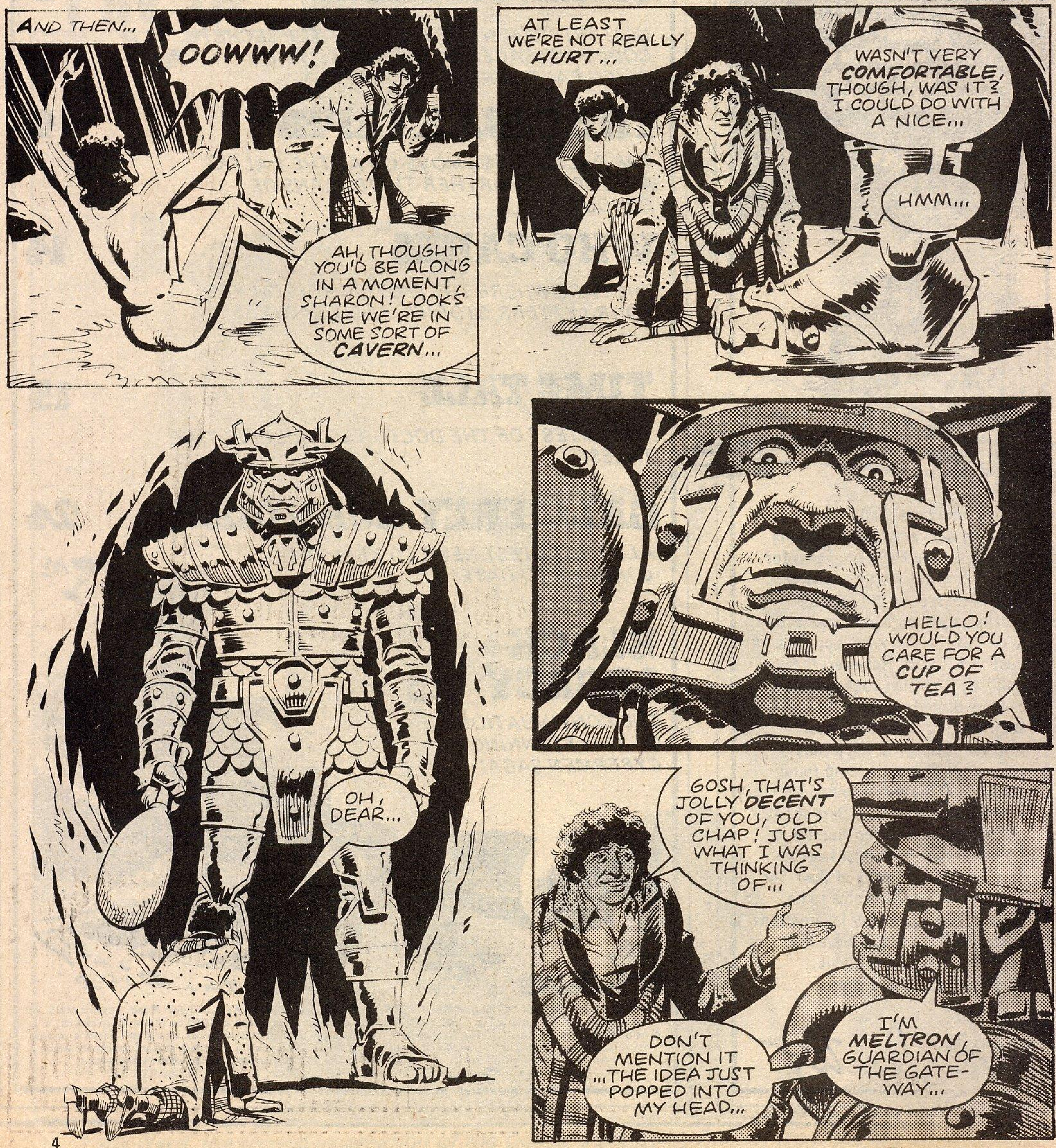
DOCTOR WHO

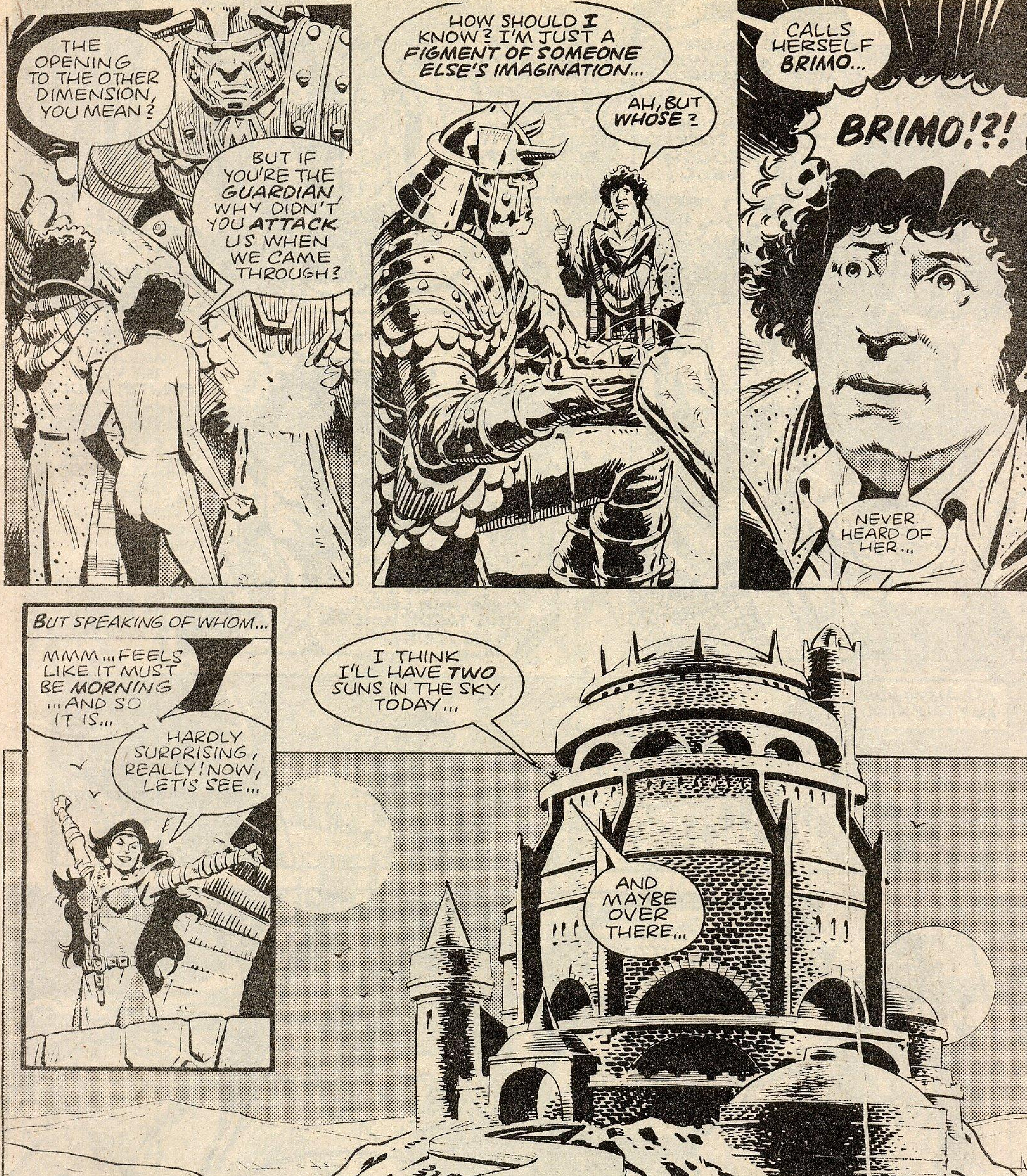
THE TIME WITCH

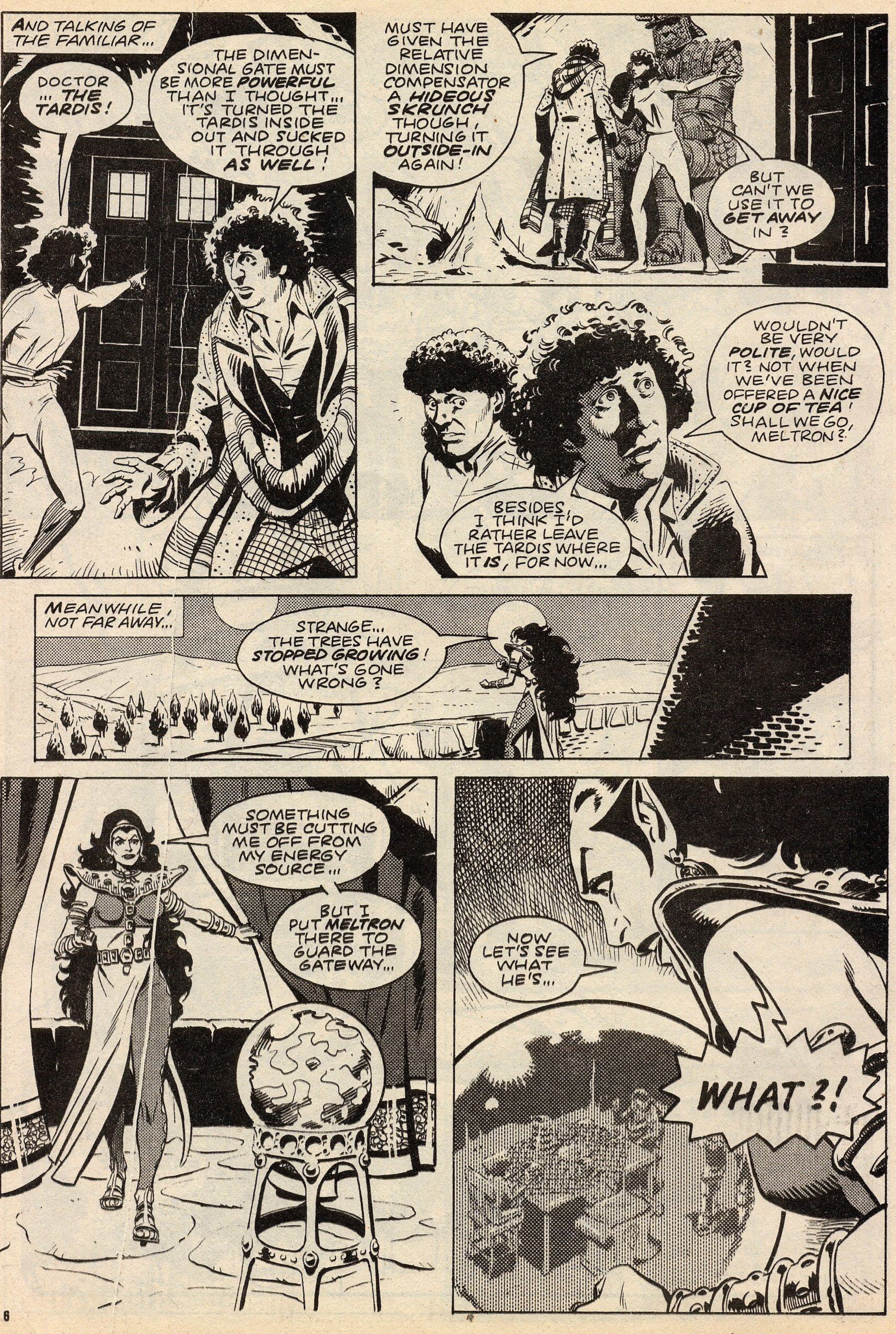
THE FABRIC OF TIME ITSELF HAS RUPTURED WITHIN THE TARDIS, AND THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN SUCKED THROUGH THE GAP INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION . . .

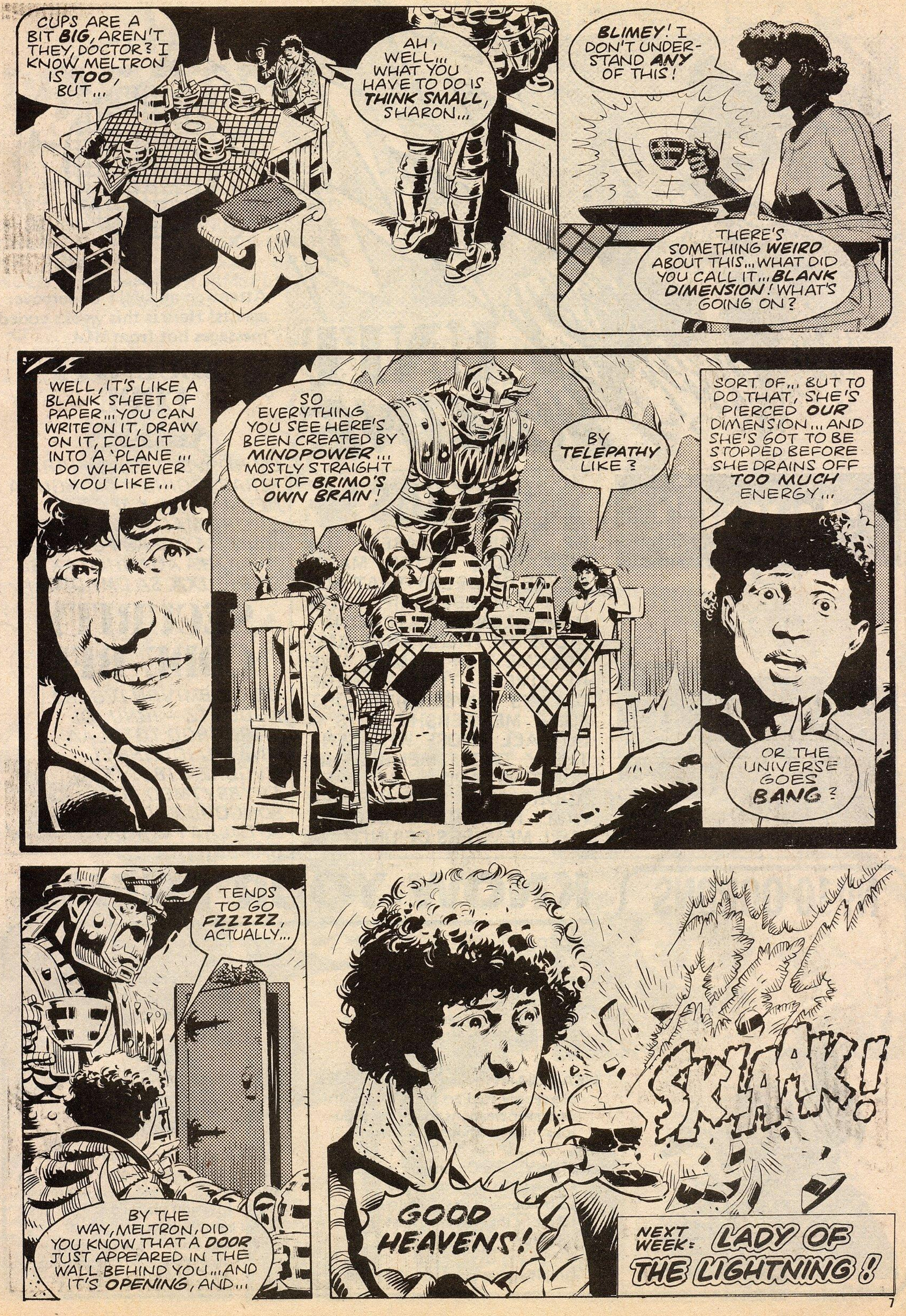

OOF! SOME SORT OF SOLID GROUND HERE...BIT TOO SOLID FOR MY LIKING!

MOORE + GIBBONS


AND THEN...
OOWWW!
AH, THOUGHT YOU'D BE ALONG IN A MOMENT, SHARON! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN SOME SORT OF CAVERN...
AT LEAST WE'RE NOT REALLY HURT...
WASN'T VERY COMFORTABLE, THOUGH, WAS IT? I COULD DO WITH A NICE...
HMM...
OH, DEAR...
HELLO! WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CUP OF TEA?
GOSH, THAT'S JOLLY DECENT OF YOU, OLD CHAP! JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING OF...
DON'T MENTION IT ...THE IDEA JUST POPPED INTO MY HEAD...
I'M MELTRON, GUARDIAN OF THE GATEWAY...


THE OPENING TO THE OTHER DIMENSION, YOU MEAN?
BUT IF YOU'RE THE GUARDIAN, WHY DIDN'T YOU ATTACK US WHEN WE CAME THROUGH?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I'M JUST A FIGMENT OF SOMEONE ELSE'S IMAGINATION...
AH, BUT WHOSE?
CALLS HERSELF BRIMO...
BRIMO!?!
NEVER HEARD OF HER...
BUT SPEAKING OF WHOM...
MMM... FEELS LIKE IT MUST BE MORNING ...AND SO IT IS...
HARDLY SURPRISING, REALLY! NOW, LET'S SEE...
I THINK I'LL HAVE TWO SUNS IN THE SKY TODAY...
AND MAYBE OVER THERE...
A FOREST!
MMM... THAT'S BETTER...
PLACE IS STARTING TO LOOK ALMOST FAMILIAR NOW...


AND TALKING OF THE FAMILIAR...
DOCTOR ... THE TARDIS!
THE DIMENSIONAL GATE MUST BE MORE POWERFUL THAN I THOUGHT... IT'S TURNED THE TARDIS INSIDE OUT AND SUCKED IT THROUGH AS WELL!
MUST HAVE GIVEN THE RELATIVE DIMENSION COMPENSATOR A HIDEOUS SKRUNCH THOUGH, TURNING IT OUTSIDE-IN AGAIN!
BUT CAN'T WE USE IT TO GET AWAY IN?
WOULDN'T BE VERY POLITE, WOULD IT? NOT WHEN WE'VE BEEN OFFERED A NICE CUP OF TEA! SHALL WE GO, MELTRON?
BESIDES, I THINK I'D RATHER LEAVE THE TARDIS WHERE IT IS, FOR NOW...
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...
STRANGE... THE TREES HAVE STOPPED GROWING! WHAT'S GONE WRONG?
SOMETHING MUST BE CUTTING ME OFF FROM MY ENERGY SOURCE...
BUT I PUT MELTRON THERE TO GUARD THE GATEWAY...
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S...
WHAT?!


CUPS ARE A BIT **BIG**, AREN'T THEY, DOCTOR? I KNOW MELTRON IS **TOO**, BUT...
AH, WELL... WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO IS **THINK SMALL**, SHARON...
BLIMEY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND **ANY** OF THIS!
THERE'S SOMETHING **WEIRD** ABOUT THIS... WHAT DID YOU CALL IT... **BLANK DIMENSION**! WHAT'S GOING ON?
WELL, IT'S LIKE A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER... YOU CAN WRITE ON IT, DRAW ON IT, FOLD IT INTO A 'PLANE... DO WHATEVER YOU LIKE...
SO EVERYTHING YOU SEE HERE'S BEEN CREATED BY **MINDPOWER**... MOSTLY STRAIGHT OUT OF **BRIMO'S OWN BRAIN**!
BY **TELEPATHY** LIKE?
SORT OF... BUT TO DO THAT, SHE'S PIERCED **OUR** DIMENSION... AND SHE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED BEFORE SHE DRAINS OFF **TOO MUCH** ENERGY...
OR THE UNIVERSE GOES **BANG**?
TENDS TO GO **FZZZZZ**, ACTUALLY...
BY THE WAY, MELTRON, DID YOU KNOW THAT A **DOOR** JUST APPEARED IN THE WALL BEHIND YOU... AND IT'S **OPENING**, AND...
GOOD HEAVENS!
SKLAK!
NEXT WEEK: LADY OF THE LIGHTNING!

UNIT HOTLINE

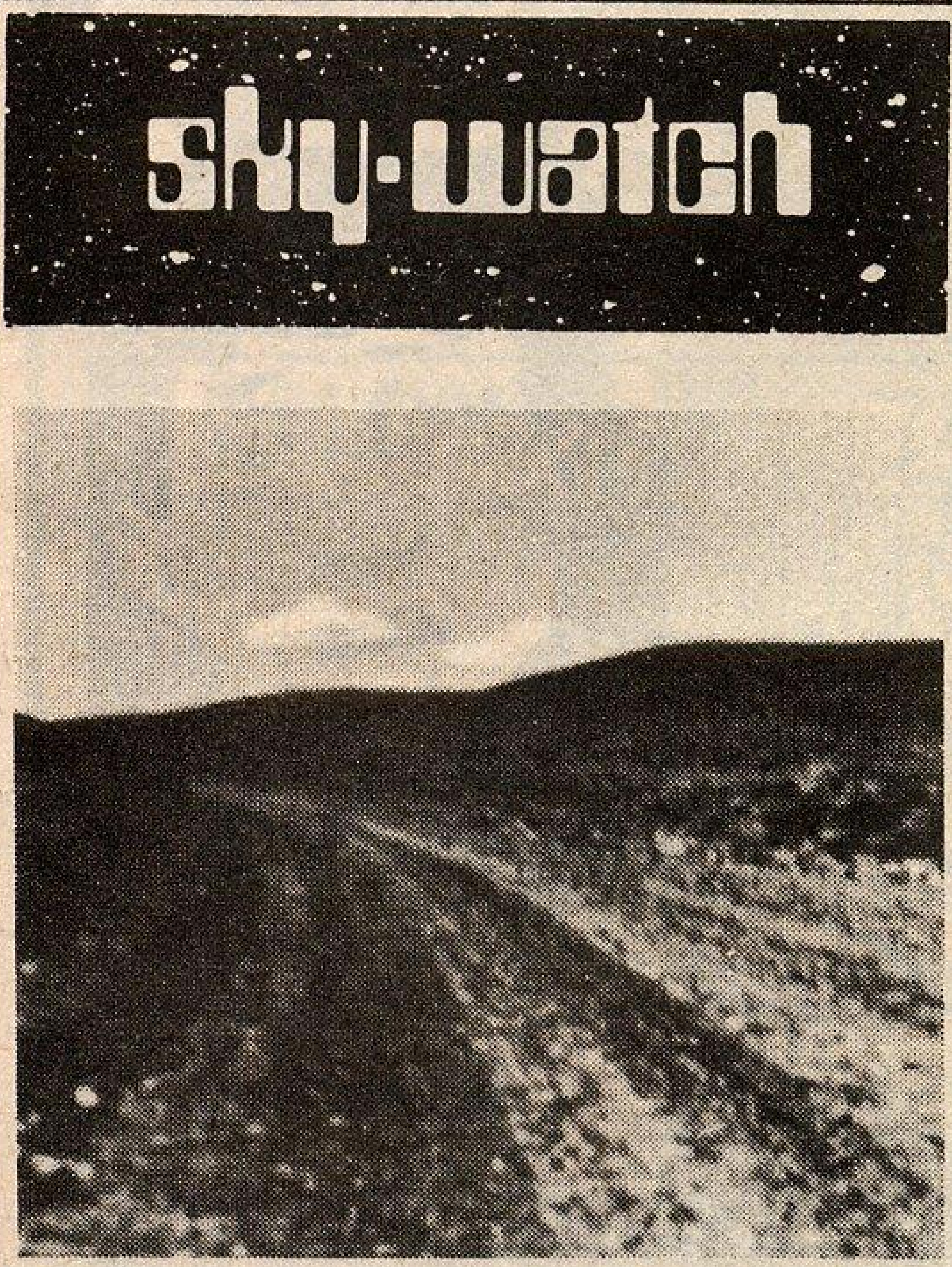
Attention all UNIT undercover agents! Here is this weeks coded messages hot from HQ!

SECURITY CODE GREEN

UZ HIXA EP I PORR XHIRA KIRAB IGGIHB – DMIHGUXA NEOM KIRAB KAPAZHA KMURR MACORIMRN. NEO LURR SA CUFAZ FUGIR KAPAZHA AQAMHUXAX GE DMIHGUXA. SA DMADIMAK.

SECURITY CODE RED

OQXRI BMIVRN IVGCRZ KGDDGTZ – IDNU JDL GNRDNRGD TGTNLAA MNLTZU IDRNNGYI. WVGCRZA TBYIV SYD TVYBBYTMCD EDL SDNGORC BGD AAWRRV SGTNLAA PMIRORI GAMBNGTRA.



UNIT KITS

WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE, AFTER MANY WEEKS OF DELAY THAT ALL UNIT MEMBERSHIP KITS HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED!

DUE TO THE STAGGERING VOLUME OF MAIL WE RECEIVED THERE WERE DELAYS IN SENDING OUT SOME MEMBERSHIP KITS – BUT ALL THOSE WHO SENT THE TWO MEMBERSHIP COUPONS AND A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE WILL NOW HAVE BECOME FULL MEMBERS OF UNIT!

№10 OGRONS

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

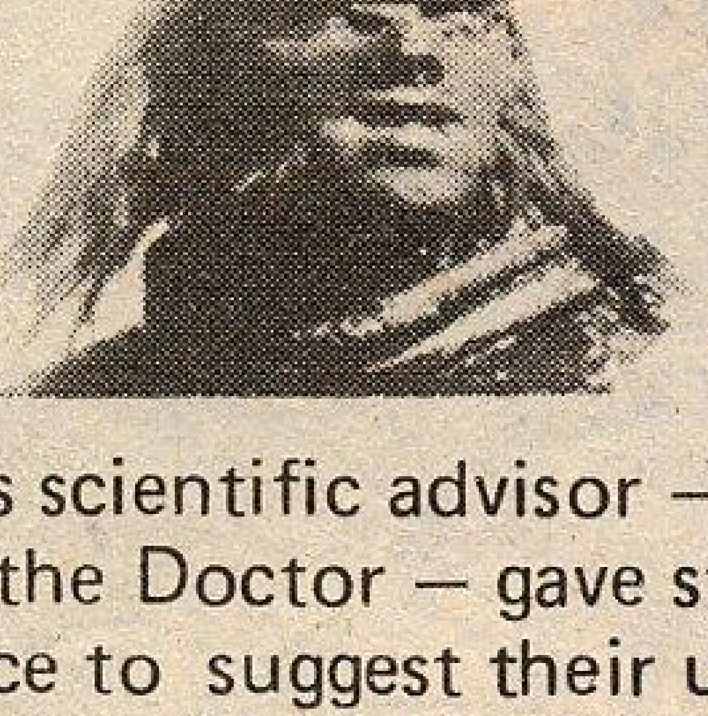
SUBJECT: The Ogrons

PLANET OF ORIGIN: A desolate, unnamed world that lies in an almost uninhabited sector of the universe.

WEAPONARY: Massive strength. Mercenary soldiers are armed with whatever weapons their unscrupulous masters choose for them.

HISTORY: The Ogrons are galactic mercenaries used by many ambitious and unscrupulous life-forms in their wars against the universe.

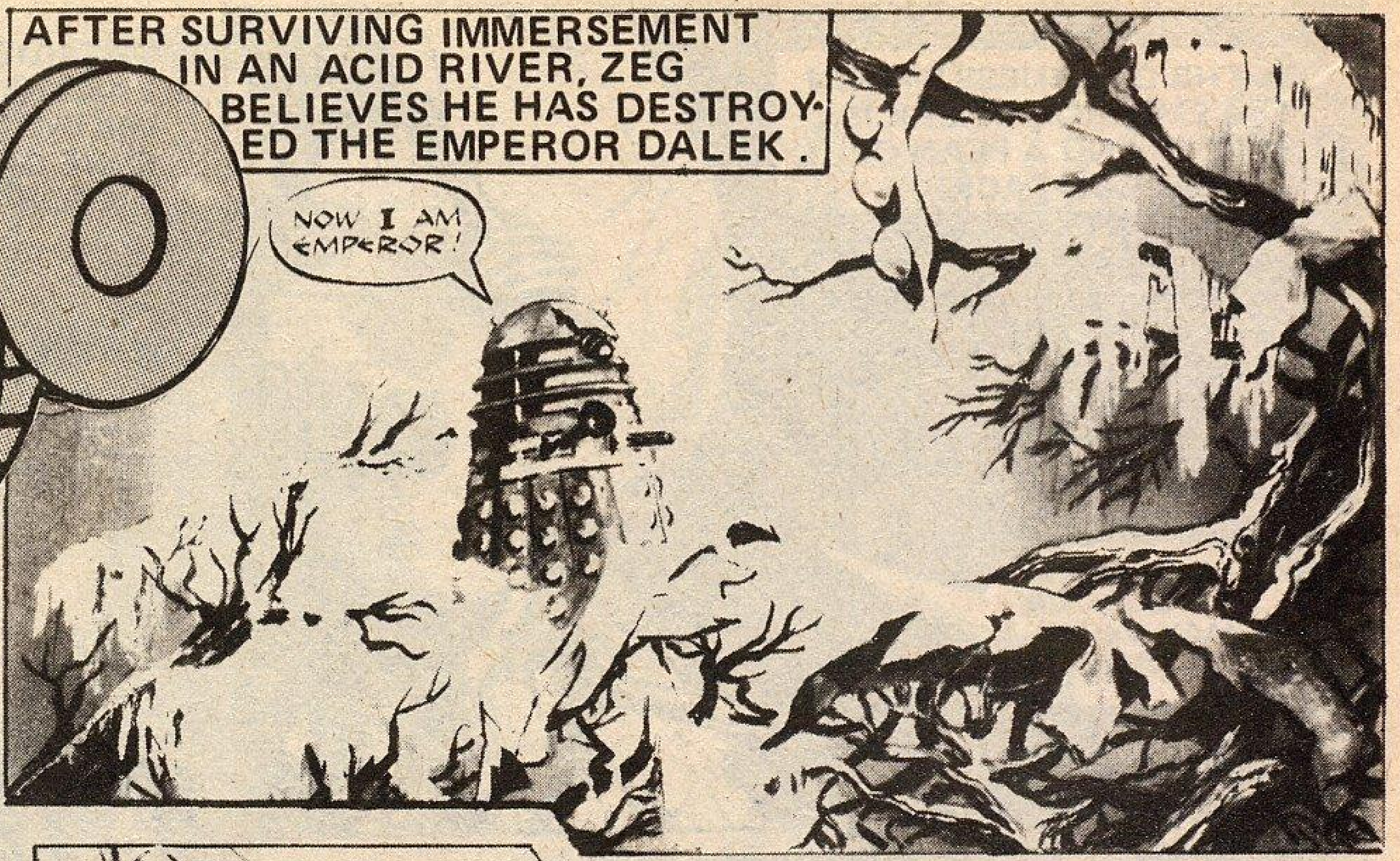
Despite great strength, the Ogrons are stupid creatures incapable of taking the initative, left only with the capacity for obedience when faced with muscle power greater than their own.

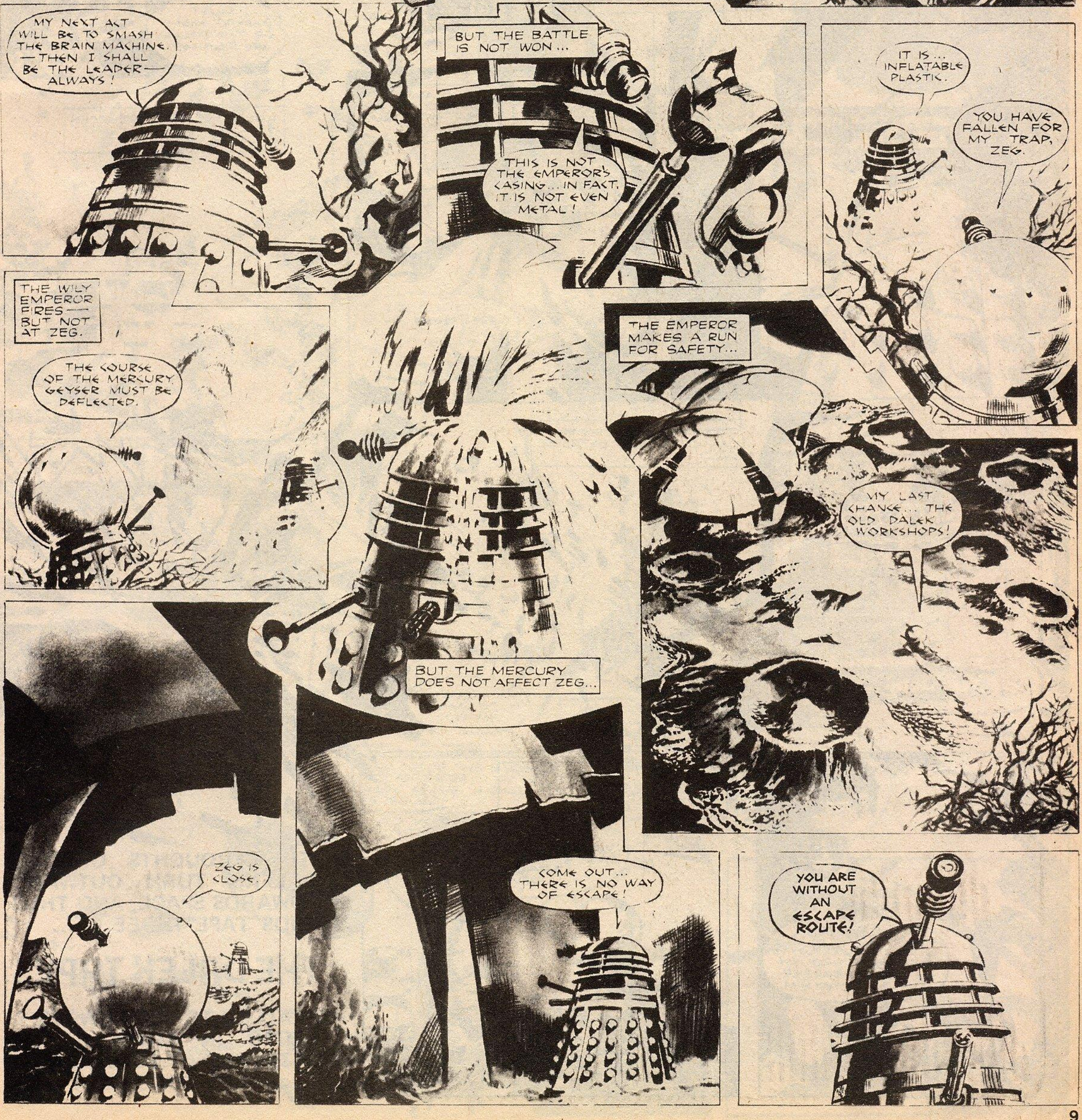


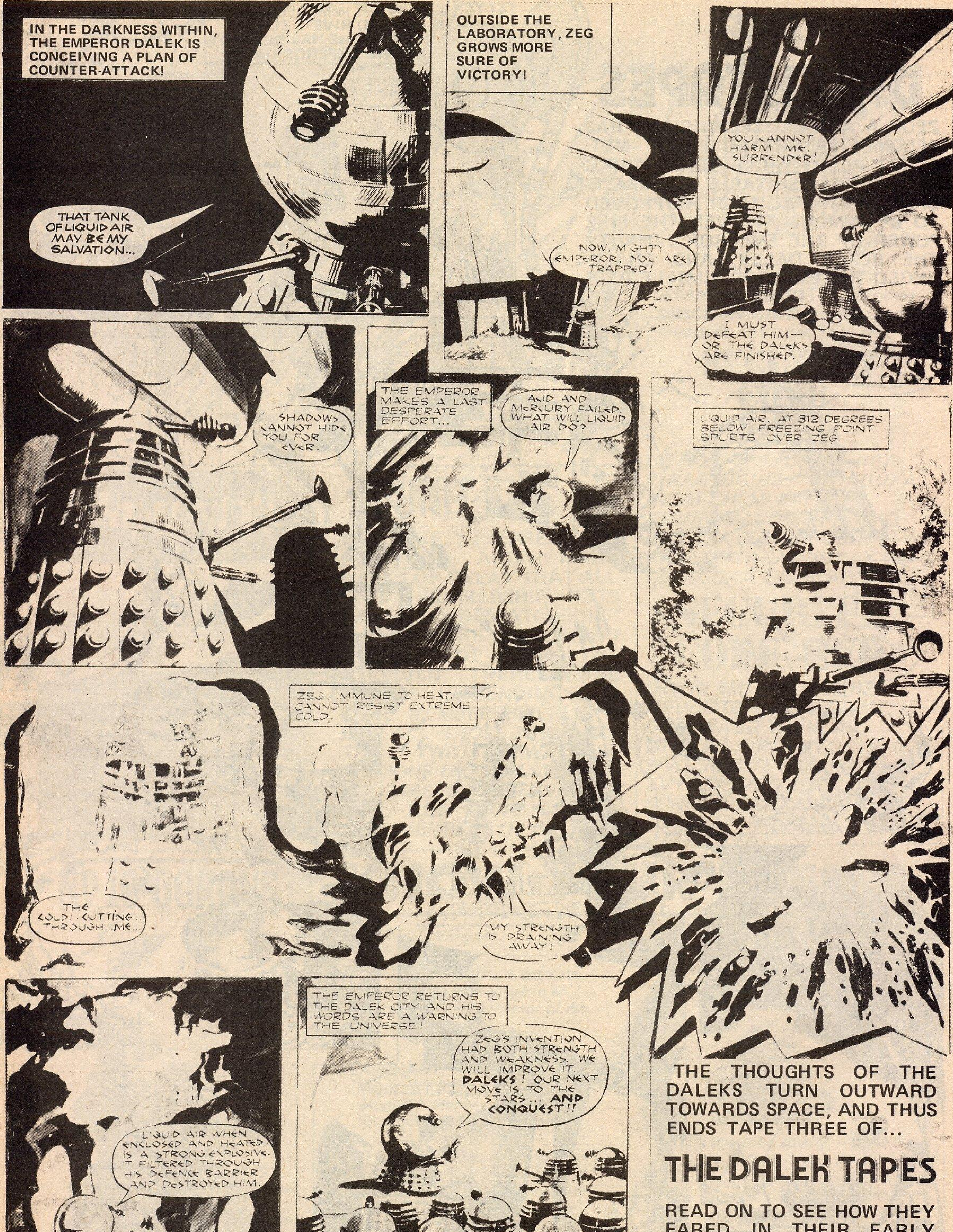
UNIT's scientific advisor – code name, the Doctor – gave strong evidence to suggest their use in a Dalek invasion planned for Earth's 22nd century. Force-fighters, beware of these brute mercenaries – they are the Dalek's appointed warriors!

THE DALEK TAPES

ZEG, A DALEK TECHNICIAN, HAS BECOME SATURATED WITH METALERT ALLOY WHILE RESEARCHING INTO METALS SUITABLE FOR SPACECRAFT MANUFACTURE! HE PROVED TO BE IMMUNE TO EVEN THE FIRE POWER OF THE EMPEROR'S DEPUTY THE BLACK DALEK, AND CHALLENGED THE EMPEROR HIMSELF TO A DUEL . . .


AFTER SURVIVING IMMERSEMENT IN AN ACID RIVER, ZEG BELIEVES HE HAS DESTROYED THE EMPEROR DALEK.
NOW I AM EMPEROR!


MY NEXT ACT WILL BE TO SMASH THE BRAIN MACHINE. —THEN I SHALL BE THE LEADER— ALWAYS!
BUT THE BATTLE IS NOT WON...
THIS IS NOT THE EMPEROR'S CASING... IN FACT, IT IS NOT EVEN METAL!
IT IS... INFLATABLE PLASTIC.
YOU HAVE FALLEN FOR MY TRAP, ZEG.
THE WILY EMPEROR FIRES— BUT NOT AT ZEG.
THE COURSE OF THE MERCURY GEYSER MUST BE DEFLECTED.
BUT THE MERCURY DOES NOT AFFECT ZEG...
THE EMPEROR MAKES A RUN FOR SAFETY...
MY LAST CHANCE... THE OLD DALEK WORKSHOPS!
ZEG IS CLOSE.
COME OUT... THERE IS NO WAY OF ESCAPE!
YOU ARE WITHOUT AN ESCAPE ROUTE!

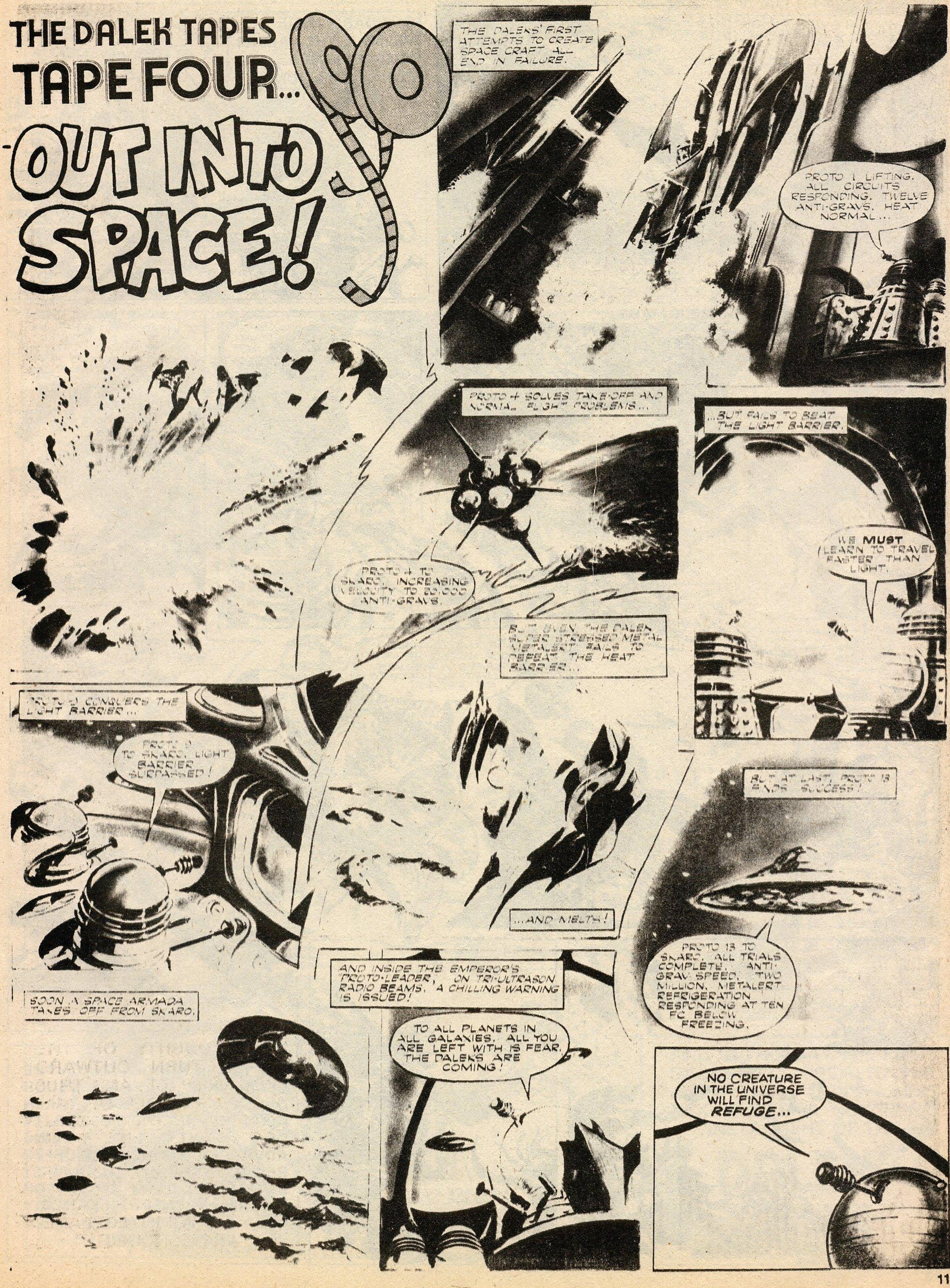

IN THE DARKNESS WITHIN, THE EMPEROR DALEK IS CONCEIVING A PLAN OF COUNTER-ATTACK!
THAT TANK OF LIQUID AIR MAY BE MY SALVATION...
OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY, ZEG GROWS MORE SURE OF VICTORY!
NOW, MIGHTY EMPEROR, YOU ARE TRAPPED!
YOU CANNOT HARM ME. SURRENDER!
I MUST DEFEAT HIM— OR THE DALEKS ARE FINISHED.
SHADOWS CANNOT HIDE YOU FOR EVER.
THE EMPEROR MAKES A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT...
ACID AND MERCURY FAILED. WHAT WILL LIQUID AIR DO?
LIQUID AIR, AT 312 DEGREES BELOW FREEZING POINT SPURTS OVER ZEG
ZEG, IMMUNE TO HEAT, CANNOT RESIST EXTREME COLD.
THE COLD... CUTTING... THROUGH... ME...
MY STRENGTH IS DRAINING AWAY!
LIQUID AIR WHEN ENCLOSED AND HEATED IS A STRONG EXPLOSIVE. IT FILTERED THROUGH HIS DEFENCE BARRIER AND DESTROYED HIM.
THE EMPEROR RETURNS TO THE DALEK CITY AND HIS WORDS ARE A WARNING TO THE UNIVERSE!
ZEG'S INVENTION HAD BOTH STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS. WE WILL IMPROVE IT. DALEKS! OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO THE STARS... AND CONQUEST!!

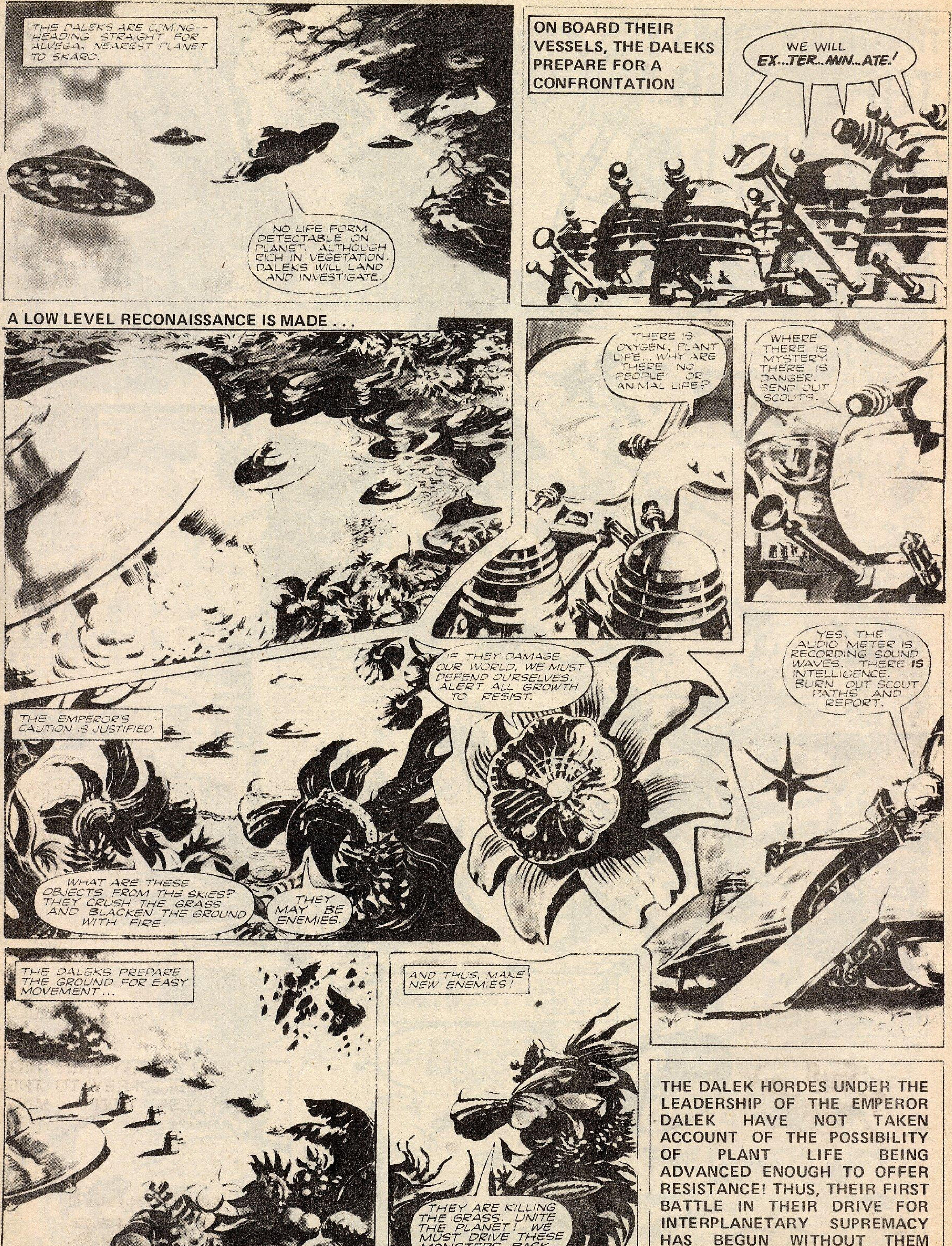
THE THOUGHTS OF THE DALEKS TURN OUTWARD TOWARDS SPACE, AND THUS ENDS TAPE THREE OF...

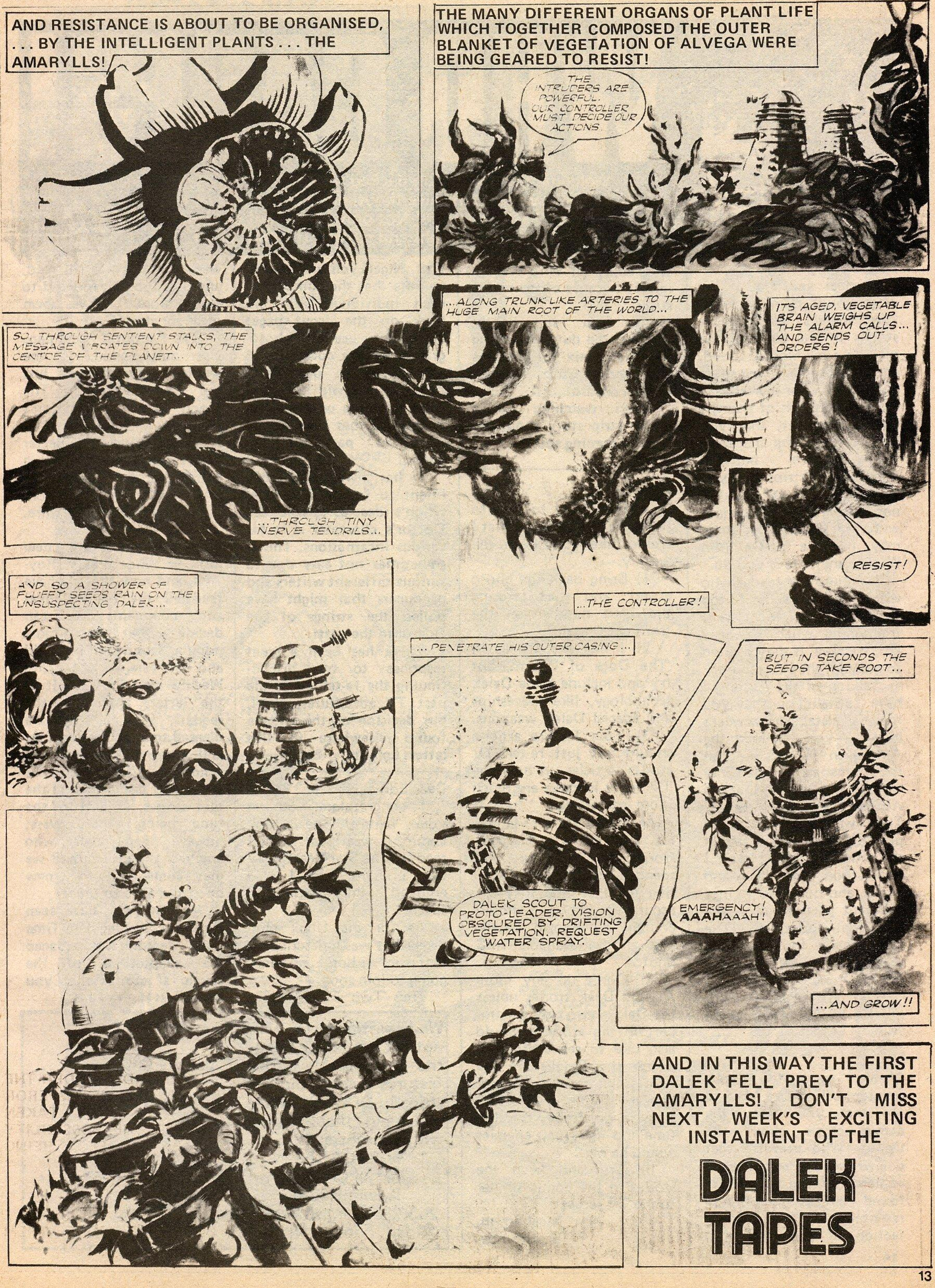
THE DALEK TAPES

READ ON TO SEE HOW THEY FARED IN THEIR EARLY ATTEMPTS AT INTERPLANETARY CONQUEST!

THE DALEK TAPES
TAPE FOUR...
OUT INTO SPACE!

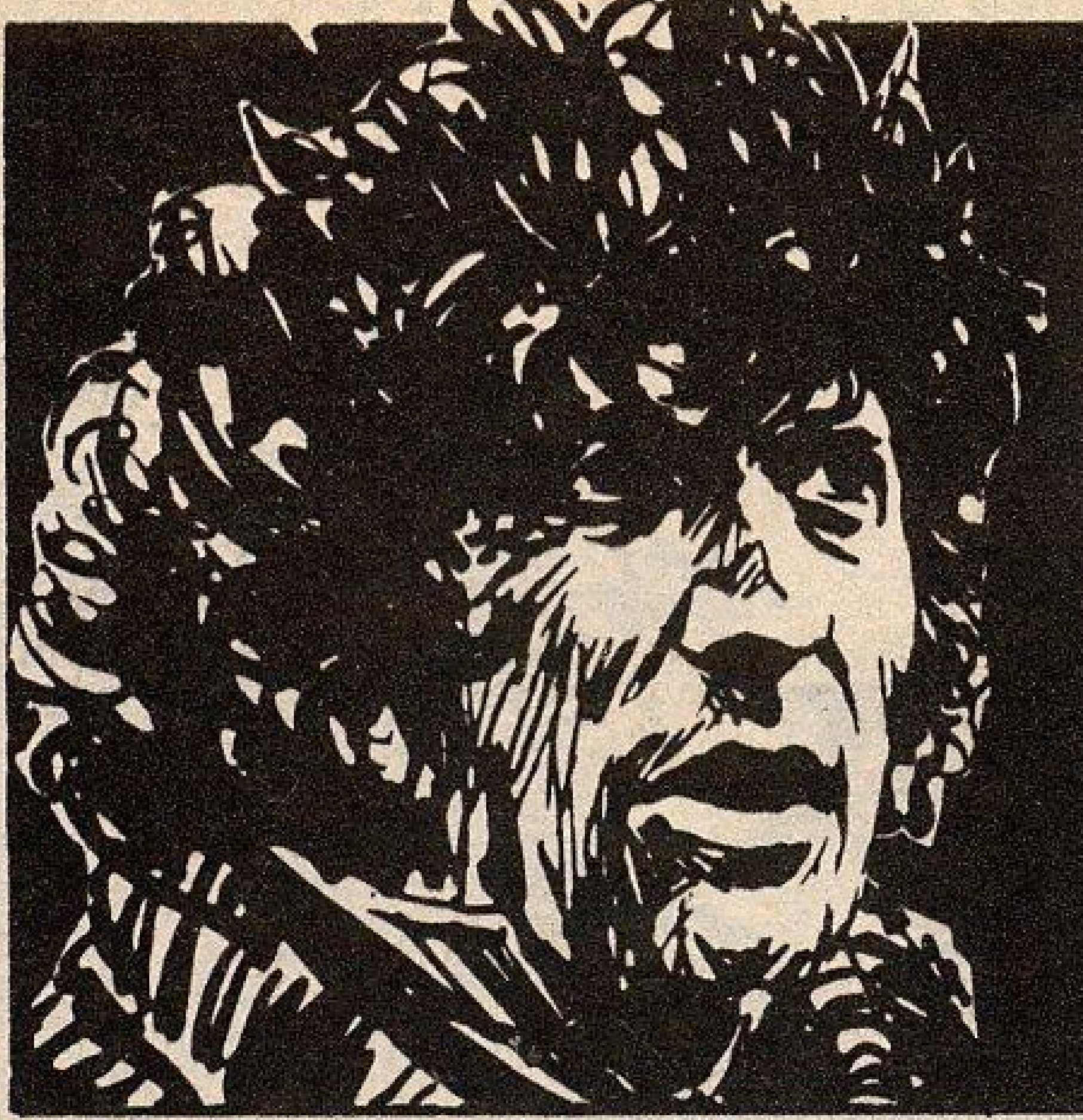

THE DALEKS' FIRST ATTEMPTS TO CREATE SPACE CRAFT ALL END IN FAILURE.
PROTO 1 LIFTING. ALL CIRCUITS RESPONDING. TWELVE ANTI-GRAVS. HEAT NORMAL...
PROTO 4 SOLVES TAKE-OFF AND NORMAL FLIGHT PROBLEMS...
PROTO 4 TO SKARO. INCREASING VELOCITY TO 20,000 ANTI-GRAVS.
BUT EVEN THE DALEK SUPER STRESSED METAL METALERT FAILS TO DEFEAT THE HEAT BARRIER...
...AND MELTS!
...BUT FAILS TO BEAT THE LIGHT BARRIER.
WE MUST LEARN TO TRAVEL FASTER THAN LIGHT.
PROTO 9 CONQUERS THE LIGHT BARRIER...
PROTO 9 TO SKARO. LIGHT BARRIER SURPASSED!
BUT AT LAST, PROTO 13 FINDS SUCCESS!
PROTO 13 TO SKARO. ALL TRIALS COMPLETE. ANTI-GRAV SPEED, TWO MILLION. METALERT REFRIGERATION RESPONDING AT TEN FC BELOW FREEZING.
SOON A SPACE ARMADA TAKES OFF FROM SKARO.
AND INSIDE THE EMPEROR'S 'PROTO-LEADER', ON TRI-ULTRASON RADIO BEAMS, A CHILLING WARNING IS ISSUED!
TO ALL PLANETS IN ALL GALAXIES. ALL YOU ARE LEFT WITH IS FEAR. THE DALEKS ARE COMING!
NO CREATURE IN THE UNIVERSE WILL FIND REFUGE...


THE DALEKS ARE COMING—HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ALVEGA, NEAREST PLANET TO SKARO.
NO LIFE FORM DETECTABLE ON PLANET, ALTHOUGH RICH IN VEGETATION. DALEKS WILL LAND AND INVESTIGATE.
ON BOARD THEIR VESSELS, THE DALEKS PREPARE FOR A CONFRONTATION
WE WILL *EX...TER...MIN...ATE!*
A LOW LEVEL RECONAISSANCE IS MADE . . .
THERE IS OXYGEN, PLANT LIFE... WHY ARE THERE NO PEOPLE OR ANIMAL LIFE?
WHERE THERE IS MYSTERY, THERE IS DANGER. SEND OUT SCOUTS.
THE EMPEROR'S CAUTION IS JUSTIFIED.
WHAT ARE THESE OBJECTS FROM THE SKIES? THEY CRUSH THE GRASS AND BLACKEN THE GROUND WITH FIRE.
THEY MAY BE ENEMIES.
IF THEY DAMAGE OUR WORLD, WE MUST DEFEND OURSELVES. ALERT ALL GROWTH TO RESIST.
YES, THE AUDIO METER IS RECORDING SOUND WAVES. THERE **IS** INTELLIGENCE. BURN OUT SCOUT PATHS AND REPORT.
THE DALEKS PREPARE THE GROUND FOR EASY MOVEMENT . . .
AND THUS, MAKE NEW ENEMIES!
THEY ARE KILLING THE GRASS. UNITE THE PLANET! WE MUST DRIVE THESE MONSTERS BACK INTO THE SKIES!
THE DALEK HORDES UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE EMPEROR DALEK HAVE NOT TAKEN ACCOUNT OF THE POSSIBILITY OF PLANT LIFE BEING ADVANCED ENOUGH TO OFFER RESISTANCE! THUS, THEIR FIRST BATTLE IN THEIR DRIVE FOR INTERPLANETARY SUPREMACY HAS BEGUN WITHOUT THEM EVEN REALISING IT!


AND RESISTANCE IS ABOUT TO BE ORGANISED, . . . BY THE INTELLIGENT PLANTS . . . THE AMARYLLS!
THE MANY DIFFERENT ORGANS OF PLANT LIFE WHICH TOGETHER COMPOSED THE OUTER BLANKET OF VEGETATION OF ALVEGA WERE BEING GEARED TO RESIST!
THE INTRUDERS ARE POWERFUL. OUR CONTROLLER MUST DECIDE OUR ACTIONS.
SO, THROUGH SENTIENT STALKS, THE MESSAGE VIBRATES DOWN INTO THE CENTRE OF THE PLANET...
...THROUGH TINY NERVE TENDRILS...
...ALONG TRUNK LIKE ARTERIES TO THE HUGE MAIN ROOT OF THE WORLD...
...THE CONTROLLER!
ITS AGED, VEGETABLE BRAIN WEIGHS UP THE ALARM CALLS... AND SENDS OUT ORDERS!
RESIST!
AND SO A SHOWER OF FLUFFY SEEDS RAIN ON THE UNSUSPECTING DALEK.
...PENETRATE HIS OUTER CASING...
DALEK SCOUT TO PROTO-LEADER. VISION OBSCURED BY DRIFTING VEGETATION. REQUEST WATER SPRAY.
BUT IN SECONDS THE SEEDS TAKE ROOT...
EMERGENCY! AAAHAAAH!
...AND GROW!!

AND IN THIS WAY THE FIRST DALEK FELL PREY TO THE AMARYLLS! DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S EXCITING INSTALMENT OF THE

DALEK TAPES



WHO CARES!

Welcome to another fun-packed page featuring *you*, the reader. Every week we receive thousands of your letters, but we'd like even more! Not only letters but drawings, photographs and stories. It's your page!

Dear Editor,

I must say that I like what you're doing with **Dr Who Weekly**. The picture stories in the back of the magazine by Moore, Lloyd, and Dillon, are too short and too few for my tastes, I can't get enough of them! I realise, however, that you have to give the magazine the balance between features and strips that you think will sell it, and I'm not asking you to tamper with that balance, as there may not be a **Dr Who Weekly** anymore if you do.

I am another reader who would like to see an Auton strip. I found them very frightening when I was a kid, because, if they wanted to get you, they'd get you!

Talking of the Autons, I have to tell you that you made a mistake a few weeks back – you included the Autons in an article about robot menaces. The only trouble with that is that the Autons weren't robots! They were made of pure plastic, as the Doctor said at the time. This pure plastic, I understood, was solid and dense, and not split up into different parts inside – the way that robots are. The sole means for becoming seemingly "alive" was the Nesines mind control!

A.P. Vincent,
Norwich.

Thank you for your opinion, AP, we're glad to see that you enjoy the comic strips about the Doctor Who universe that our writers and artists work so hard to bring to you! We found your letter to be representative of a certain faction of our readership who enjoy Dr Who Weekly largely because of the comic strips.

As you so rightly observe, the duty of finding the 'right mix' of features and comic strips is our prime concern!

Keep watching for a comic strip story about the Autons coming soon!

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you to suggest a few changes that I would like to see in the weekly.

1) Bring back the photo covers, and start printing the issue number on the front cover again.

2) I like the Daleks in 'The Dogs of Doom', but try and include some Dalek technology, like spaceships and special Dalek weapons.

3) Your feature articles should not just re-tell TV stories, articles on how the TV series is made are much more interesting!

4) Please start re-telling the old William Hartnell stories. But make sure you spend enough time preparing them so that they are accurate. They should contain *all* known details and all the available BBC photos.

5) Don't do any more Abslom Daak stories unless the Daleks also play a major part in the story. I would also like to see a story in which the Daleks are the heroes and are not made to appear stupid. A Dalek story in which they travel in time and fight their enemies would be nice.

6) Try and keep the stories in the comic similar to the TV series.

Nigel Smith,
Scunthorpe.

Well, Nigel, you will be glad to note that the numbers of each individual issue are back on the front page! Also, the use of photographs on the cover is still very much in our plans, although we will be using some drawings occasionally, as we feel that they are an important part of the comic!

It has always been our intent to follow BBC television's ideas as to what the Doctor's character is in his various incarnations. This is sometimes not easy due to various different writers and producers that might have pulled the strings of the Doctor in the past!

There has been a great response to our discontinuing the re-telling of the past TV adventures, Nigel, our decision on this will be found elsewhere in this letters column!

Dear Editor,

I congratulate you on your fantastic new look comic, it was great when I read it. The Star Beast story was brilliant and I also enjoyed the exhibition special.

As for the UNIT club page, that was indescribably fantastic, I'm certainly going to join soon.

The 'Two Timer' story was good for a small read, and I'm looking forward to seeing more of Marvel's own ideas for stories.

The Fantastic Facts page was quite good. In the whole comic there is just the "First Men in The Moon" story that I don't like very much. The other HG Wells stories were better but I would like to see a story about the Autons.

Royston Robertson,
North Yorkshire.

We're glad you like the new look Dr Who Weekly, Royston, and now that we have read all the readers ideas and comments we can decide what the most popular features of both old and new versions of Dr Who Weekly are. As a result of the letters that you, the readers, sent us, we are pleased to announce that we will be re-starting the synopses of the old TV series and discontinuing the text stories, at least for the time being. There were, however, many readers who enjoyed the stories and we may come up with a new one from time to time!

As you will have seen Royston, the regular 'Time Tales' feature has replaced the adaptations of the classic sf stories that you found less interesting.

While writing to us, why not list your two favourite and least favourite features and picture strips in Dr Who Weekly and send them to us with your letter to:

WHO CARES,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205/211 Kentish Town
Road, London NW5.

Favourite 1st . . . .

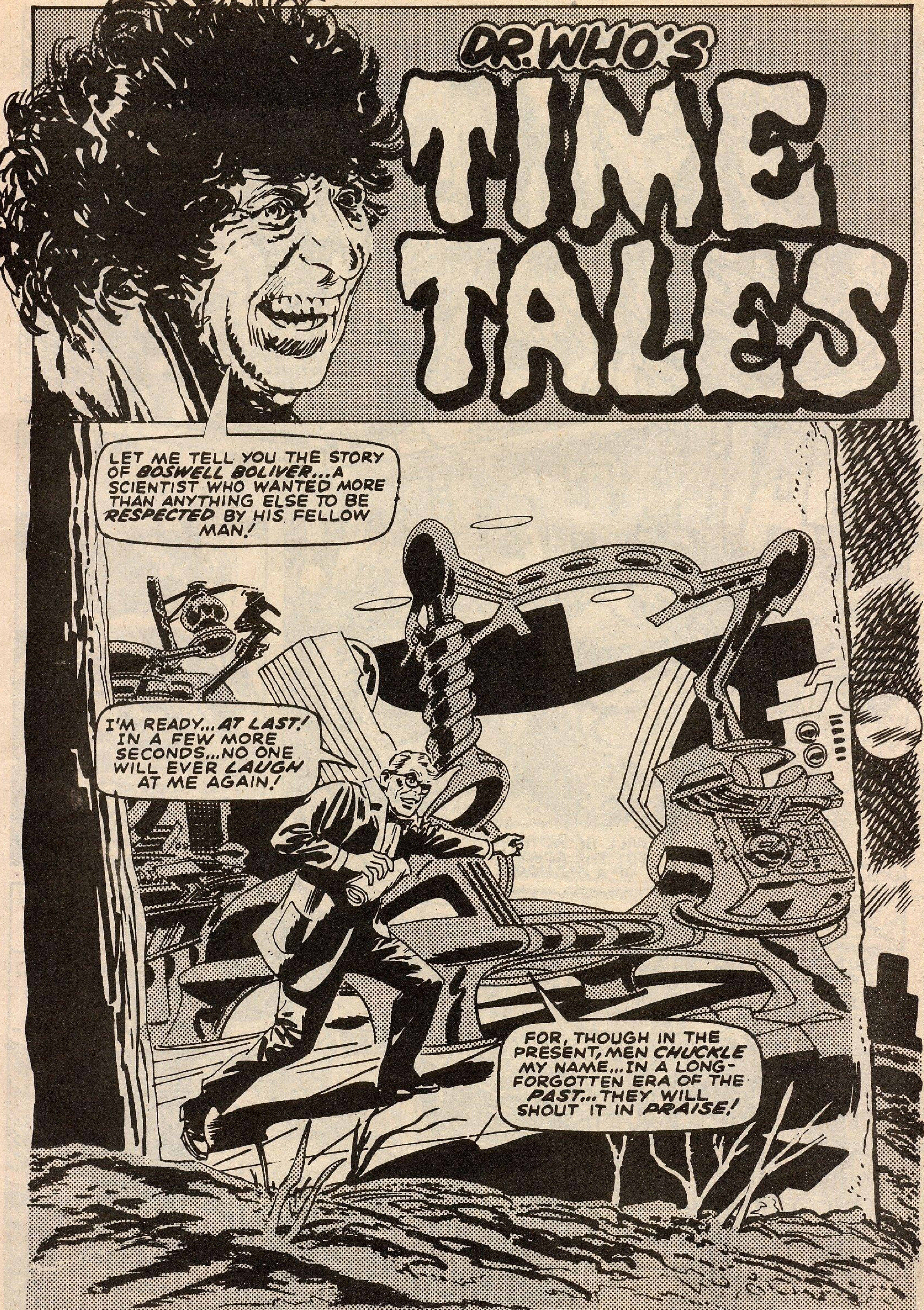
Favourite 2nd. . . . .

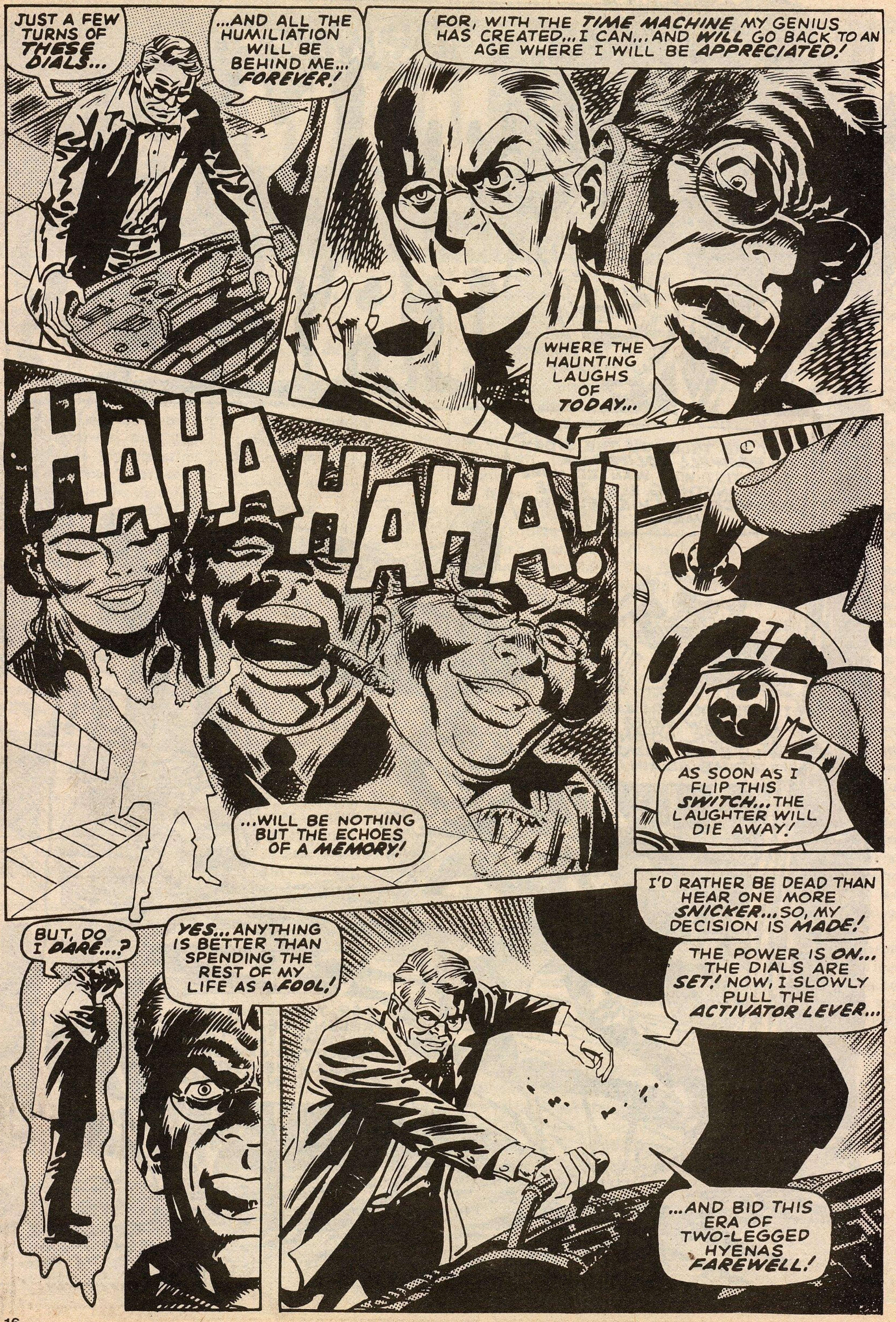
Least favourite . . . .

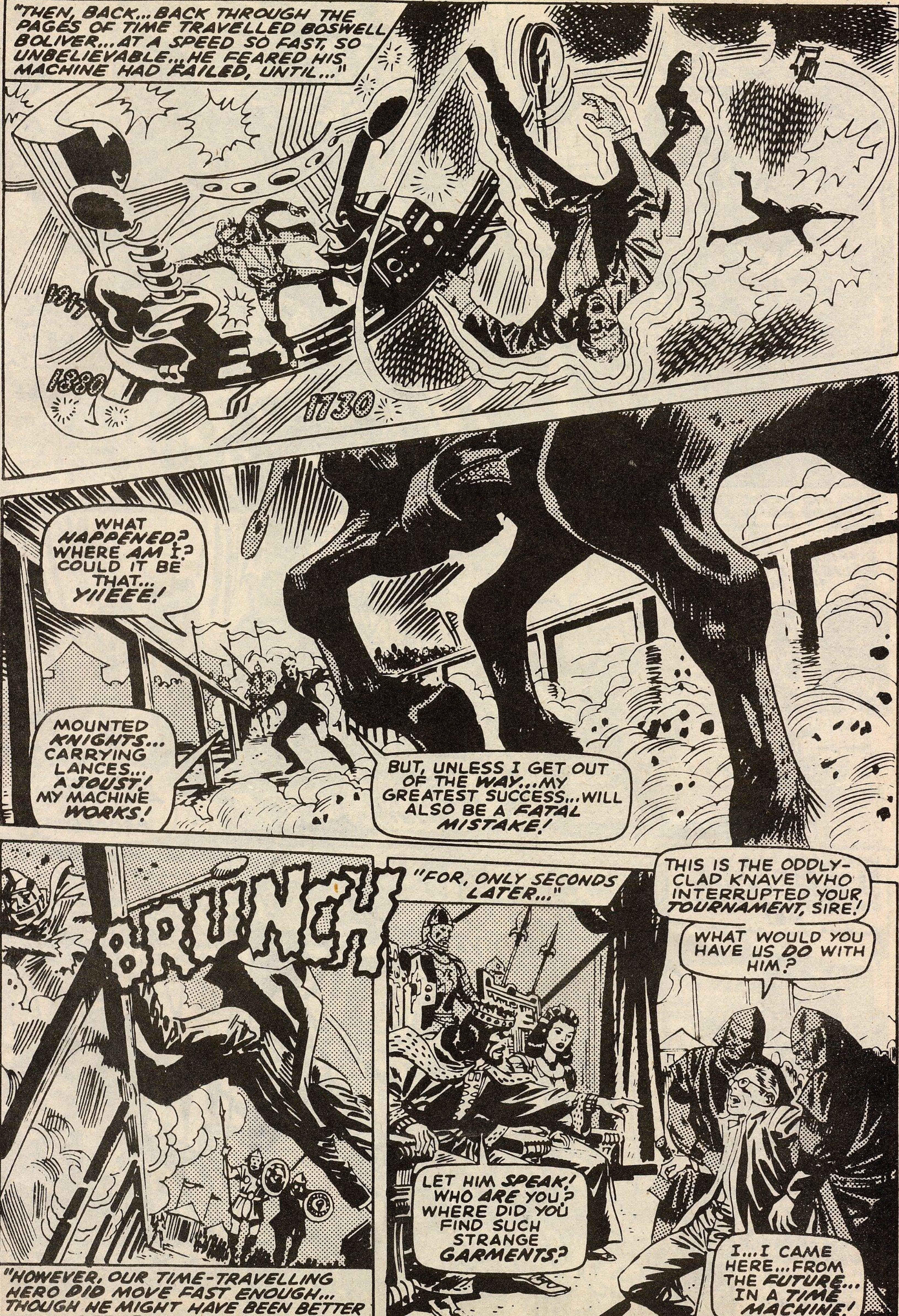
. . . .

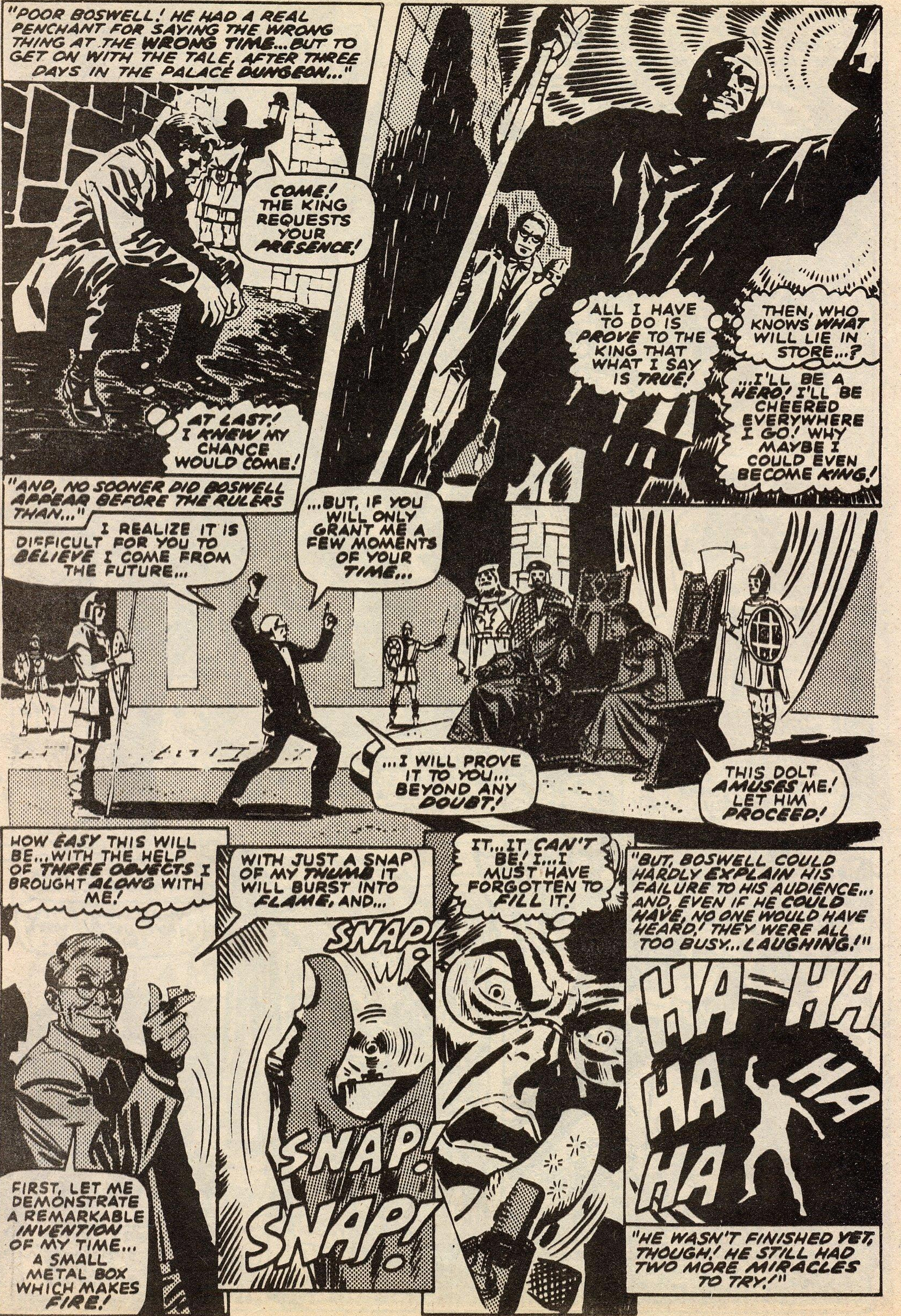
Ideas for future issues . .

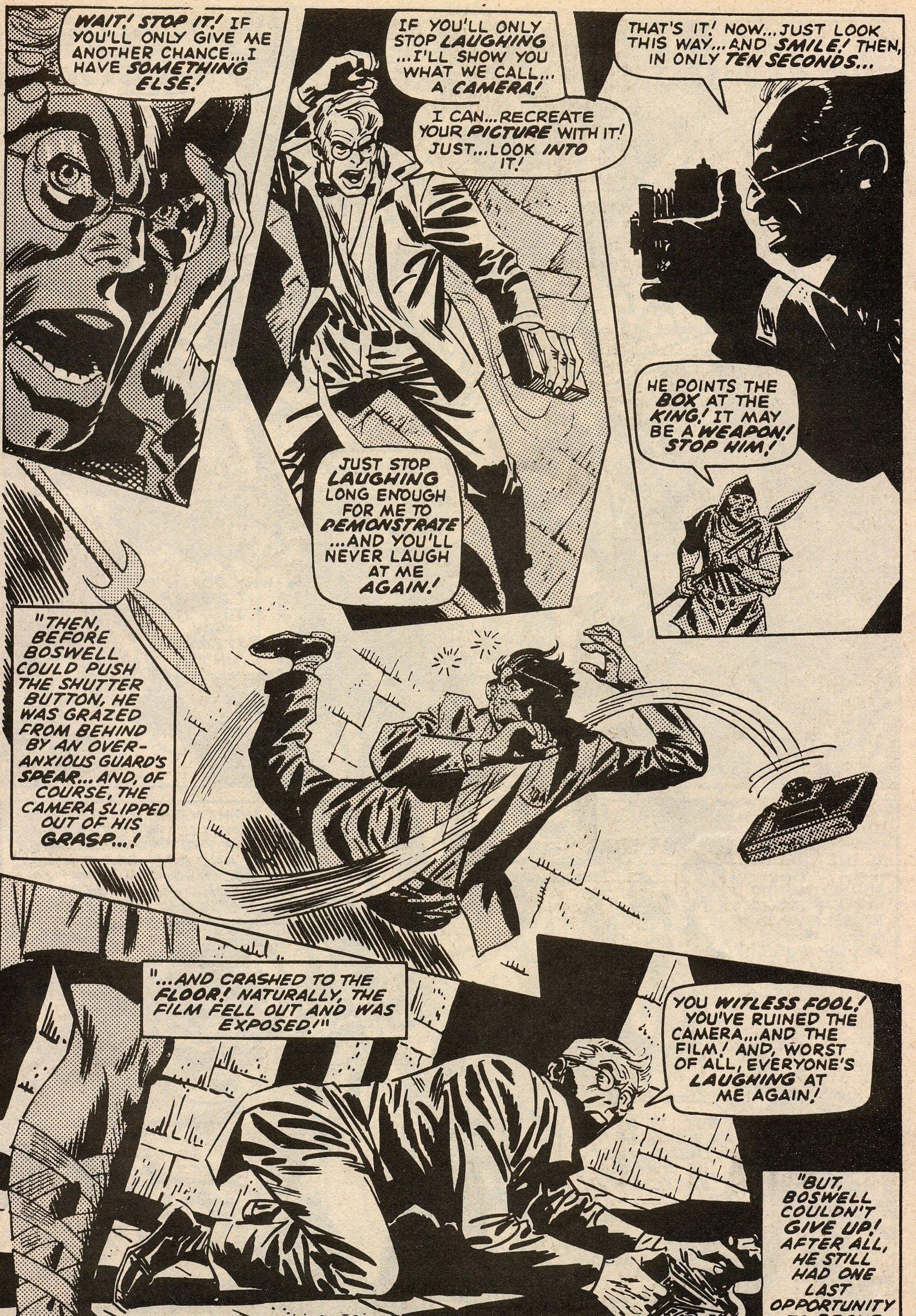
. . . .

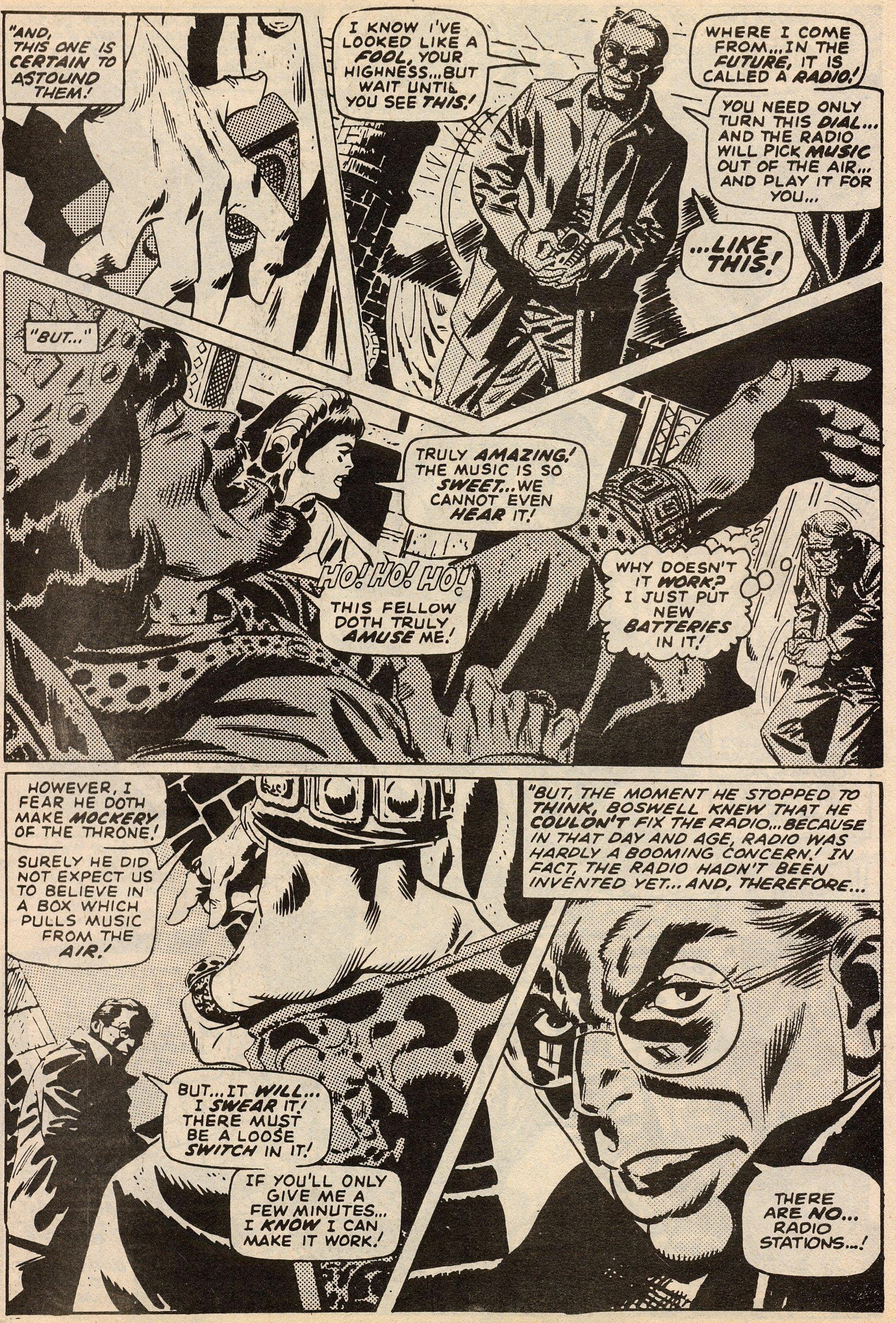

DR. WHO'S
TIME TALES
LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY OF *BOSWELL BOLIVER*... A SCIENTIST WHO WANTED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE TO BE *RESPECTED* BY HIS FELLOW MAN!
I'M READY... *AT LAST!* IN A FEW MORE SECONDS... NO ONE WILL EVER *LAUGH* AT ME AGAIN!
FOR, THOUGH IN THE PRESENT, MEN *CHUCKLE* MY NAME... IN A LONG-FORGOTTEN ERA OF THE *PAST*... THEY WILL SHOUT IT IN *PRAISE!*

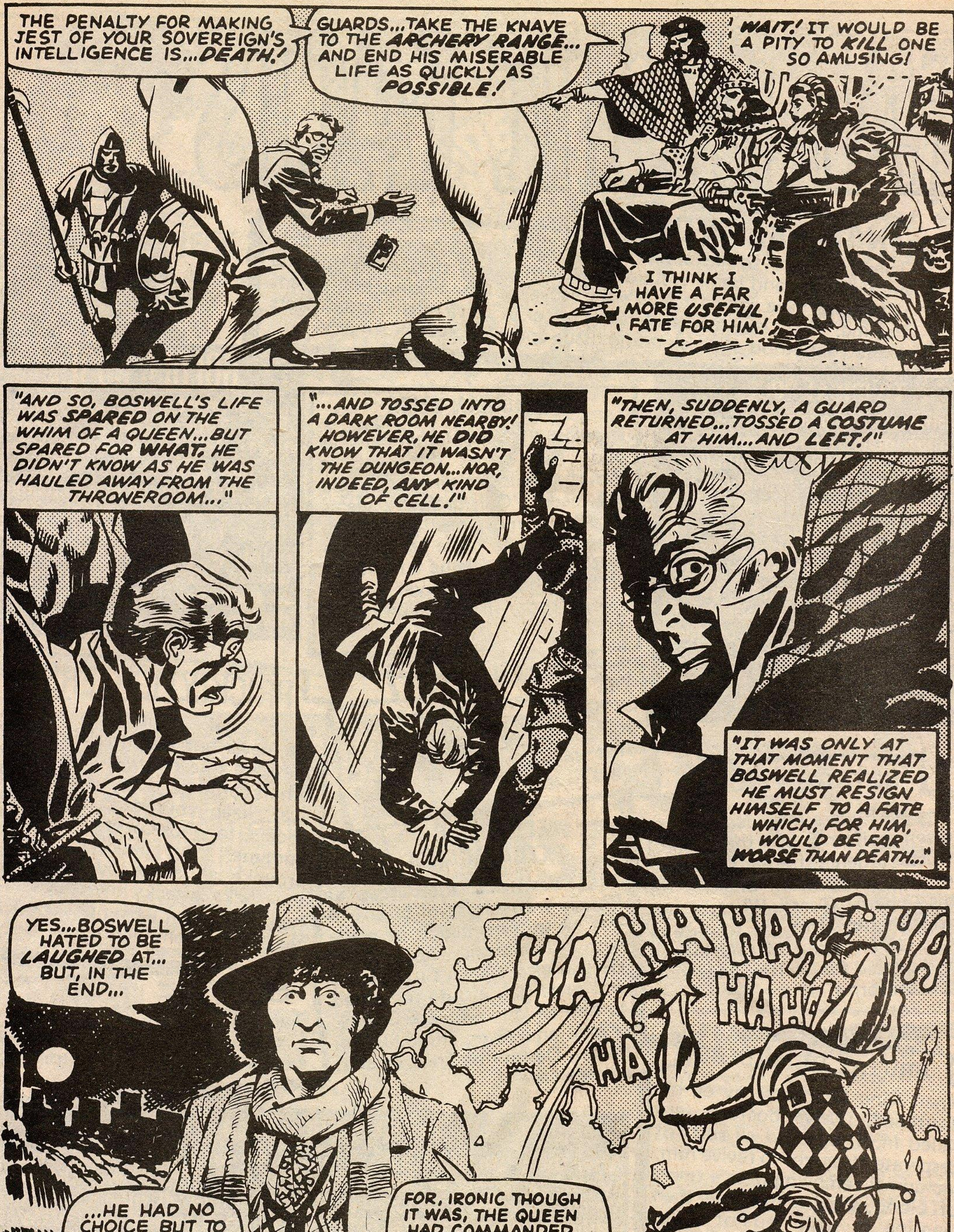

JUST A FEW TURNS OF *THESE DIALS*...
...AND ALL THE HUMILIATION WILL BE BEHIND ME... *FOREVER!*
FOR, WITH THE *TIME MACHINE* MY GENIUS HAS CREATED... I CAN... AND *WILL* GO BACK TO AN AGE WHERE I WILL BE *APPRECIATED!*
WHERE THE HAUNTING LAUGHS OF *TODAY*...
HAHAHAHAHA!
...WILL BE NOTHING BUT THE ECHOES OF A *MEMORY!*
AS SOON AS I FLIP THIS *SWITCH*... THE LAUGHTER WILL DIE AWAY!
BUT, DO I *DARE*...?
YES... ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE AS A *FOOL!*
I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN HEAR ONE MORE *SNICKER*... SO, MY DECISION IS *MADE!*
THE POWER IS *ON*... THE DIALS ARE *SET!* NOW, I SLOWLY PULL THE *ACTIVATOR LEVER*...
...AND BID THIS ERA OF TWO-LEGGED HYENAS *FAREWELL!*


"THEN, BACK... BACK THROUGH THE PAGES OF TIME TRAVELLED BOSWELL BOLIVER... AT A SPEED SO FAST, SO UNBELIEVABLE... HE FEARED HIS MACHINE HAD FAILED, UNTIL..."
1917
1880
1730
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I? COULD IT BE THAT... YIIEEE!
MOUNTED KNIGHTS... CARRYING LANCES... A JOUST! MY MACHINE WORKS!
BUT, UNLESS I GET OUT OF THE WAY... MY GREATEST SUCCESS... WILL ALSO BE A FATAL MISTAKE!
BRUNCH
"HOWEVER, OUR TIME-TRAVELLING HERO DID MOVE FAST ENOUGH... THOUGH HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF IF HE HADN'T..."
"FOR, ONLY SECONDS LATER..."
THIS IS THE ODDLY-CLAD KNAVE WHO INTERRUPTED YOUR TOURNAMENT, SIRE!
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO WITH HIM?
LET HIM SPEAK! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU FIND SUCH STRANGE GARMENTS?
I... I CAME HERE... FROM THE FUTURE... IN A TIME MACHINE!


"POOR BOSWELL! HE HAD A REAL PENCHANT FOR SAYING THE WRONG THING AT THE WRONG TIME...BUT TO GET ON WITH THE TALE, AFTER THREE DAYS IN THE PALACE DUNGEON..."
COME! THE KING REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE!
AT LAST! I KNEW MY CHANCE WOULD COME!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PROVE TO THE KING THAT WHAT I SAY IS TRUE!
THEN, WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL LIE IN STORE...?
...I'LL BE A HERO! I'LL BE CHEERED EVERYWHERE I GO! WHY MAYBE I COULD EVEN BECOME KING!
"AND, NO SOONER DID BOSWELL APPEAR BEFORE THE RULERS THAN..."
I REALIZE IT IS DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO BELIEVE I COME FROM THE FUTURE...
...BUT, IF YOU WILL ONLY GRANT ME A FEW MOMENTS OF YOUR TIME...
...I WILL PROVE IT TO YOU... BEYOND ANY DOUBT!
THIS DOLT AMUSES ME! LET HIM PROCEED!
HOW EASY THIS WILL BE...WITH THE HELP OF THREE OBJECTS I BROUGHT ALONG WITH ME!
FIRST, LET ME DEMONSTRATE A REMARKABLE INVENTION OF MY TIME... A SMALL METAL BOX WHICH MAKES FIRE!
WITH JUST A SNAP OF MY THUMB IT WILL BURST INTO FLAME, AND...
SNAP!
SNAP!
SNAP!
IT...IT CAN'T BE! I...I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO FILL IT!
"BUT, BOSWELL COULD HARDLY EXPLAIN HIS FAILURE TO HIS AUDIENCE... AND, EVEN IF HE COULD HAVE, NO ONE WOULD HAVE HEARD! THEY WERE ALL TOO BUSY...LAUGHING!"
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
"HE WASN'T FINISHED YET, THOUGH! HE STILL HAD TWO MORE MIRACLES TO TRY!"


WAIT! STOP IT! IF YOU'LL ONLY GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE... I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE!
IF YOU'LL ONLY STOP LAUGHING ...I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT WE CALL... A CAMERA!
I CAN... RECREATE YOUR PICTURE WITH IT! JUST... LOOK INTO IT!
JUST STOP LAUGHING LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DEMONSTRATE ...AND YOU'LL NEVER LAUGH AT ME AGAIN!
THAT'S IT! NOW... JUST LOOK THIS WAY... AND SMILE! THEN, IN ONLY TEN SECONDS...
HE POINTS THE BOX AT THE KING! IT MAY BE A WEAPON! STOP HIM!
"THEN, BEFORE BOSWELL COULD PUSH THE SHUTTER BUTTON, HE WAS GRAZED FROM BEHIND BY AN OVER-ANXIOUS GUARD'S SPEAR... AND, OF COURSE, THE CAMERA SLIPPED OUT OF HIS GRASP...!
"...AND CRASHED TO THE FLOOR! NATURALLY, THE FILM FELL OUT AND WAS EXPOSED!"
YOU WITLESS FOOL! YOU'VE RUINED THE CAMERA... AND THE FILM! AND, WORST OF ALL, EVERYONE'S LAUGHING AT ME AGAIN!
"BUT, BOSWELL COULDN'T GIVE UP! AFTER ALL, HE STILL HAD ONE LAST OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE HIMSELF..."


"AND, THIS ONE IS CERTAIN TO ASTOUND THEM!
I KNOW I'VE LOOKED LIKE A FOOL, YOUR HIGHNESS...BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THIS!
WHERE I COME FROM...IN THE FUTURE, IT IS CALLED A RADIO!
YOU NEED ONLY TURN THIS DIAL...AND THE RADIO WILL PICK MUSIC OUT OF THE AIR...AND PLAY IT FOR YOU...
...LIKE THIS!
"BUT..."
TRULY AMAZING! THE MUSIC IS SO SWEET...WE CANNOT EVEN HEAR IT!
HO! HO! HO!
THIS FELLOW DOTH TRULY AMUSE ME!
WHY DOESN'T IT WORK? I JUST PUT NEW BATTERIES IN IT!
HOWEVER, I FEAR HE DOTH MAKE MOCKERY OF THE THRONE!
SURELY HE DID NOT EXPECT US TO BELIEVE IN A BOX WHICH PULLS MUSIC FROM THE AIR!
"BUT, THE MOMENT HE STOPPED TO THINK, BOSWELL KNEW THAT HE COULDN'T FIX THE RADIO...BECAUSE IN THAT DAY AND AGE, RADIO WAS HARDLY A BOOMING CONCERN! IN FACT, THE RADIO HADN'T BEEN INVENTED YET...AND, THEREFORE...
BUT...IT WILL...I SWEAR IT! THERE MUST BE A LOOSE SWITCH IN IT!
IF YOU'LL ONLY GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES...I KNOW I CAN MAKE IT WORK!
THERE ARE NO...RADIO STATIONS...!


THE PENALTY FOR MAKING JEST OF YOUR SOVEREIGN'S INTELLIGENCE IS...DEATH!
GUARDS...TAKE THE KNAVE TO THE ARCHERY RANGE... AND END HIS MISERABLE LIFE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!
WAIT! IT WOULD BE A PITY TO KILL ONE SO AMUSING!
I THINK I HAVE A FAR MORE USEFUL FATE FOR HIM!
"AND SO, BOSWELL'S LIFE WAS SPARED ON THE WHIM OF A QUEEN...BUT SPARED FOR WHAT, HE DIDN'T KNOW AS HE WAS HAULED AWAY FROM THE THRONEROOM..."
"...AND TOSSED INTO A DARK ROOM NEARBY! HOWEVER, HE DID KNOW THAT IT WASN'T THE DUNGEON...NOR, INDEED, ANY KIND OF CELL!"
"THEN, SUDDENLY, A GUARD RETURNED...TOSSED A COSTUME AT HIM...AND LEFT!"
"IT WAS ONLY AT THAT MOMENT THAT BOSWELL REALIZED HE MUST RESIGN HIMSELF TO A FATE WHICH, FOR HIM, WOULD BE FAR WORSE THAN DEATH..."
YES...BOSWELL HATED TO BE LAUGHED AT... BUT, IN THE END...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
...HE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT...IF HE WANTED TO LIVE AT ALL!
FOR, IRONIC THOUGH IT WAS, THE QUEEN HAD COMMANDED BOSWELL TO BECOME HER PERSONAL COURT JESTER...
AND, FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS, HE HAD TO BE CERTAIN TO... ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING!
the END

FANTASTIC FACTS

NATURAL MEDICINE

There appears to be something in saliva that stimulates muscle contractions and helps wounds heal faster. New studies in Australia with mice have shown that it's the saliva, not the licking, that speeds healing. Thus, isolating the healing factor in saliva might lead doctors to find a method of accelerating tissue contraction after surgery.

TROPICAL POOL

Some of the giant trees of the Amazonian rain-forest have plants called bromelliads growing on their branches. The bromelliads hold a small pool of water in the centre of a rosette of leaves. In this pool of water, like any pool of water in the tropics, live mosquito larvae. Also found in these pools, and nowhere else, are tiny bladderworts, insect-eating plants which live on the mosquito larvae.

ROYAL SWITCH

The RAF were intended to wear green uniforms but the Tsar of Russia ordered thousands of bails of blue cloth from England for his Imperial Guard. When he was assassinated after the revolution the cloth remained undelivered and unpaid for, so it was used for the uniforms of the new Royal Air Force.

BRUTAL REMEDIES

When King Charles II lay on his death-bed, twelve doctors were called in. They tried all sorts of desperate measures to revive him, including: removing over a quart of blood, shaving his head then singeing it with red-hot irons, sneezing powder, hot plasters, powdered horse's skull, pearls dissolved in ammonia, frog's skin, and rock's feathers in ass's milk. Despite all this (or was it because of all this?), the King died.

SURBURBAN BLISS

It seems that people have always said the same thing about suburbs. A letter written in 639 BC reads, "Our property seems to me the most beautiful in the world. It is so close to Babylon that we enjoy all the advantages of the big city, and yet we are away from all the noise and dirt'"

LEGLESS!

The slow-worm or blind-worm is neither slow, blind nor a worm. It looks very much like a small snake but is in fact a legless lizard.

ECCENTRIC EXTRAVAGANCE

King Frederick the Great of Prussia was very fond of coffee but he insisted that it be made with Champagne, not water. He was also a keen flute player and once had a flute presented to him which was made of rock crystal and silver, studded with rubies. Despite its great value it sounded awful.

GOLDEN NOSE

The greatest astronomer of his day, Tycho Brahe, (1546-1601), lost his nose in a duel. He had a false nose made of gold and when he was in danger of losing an astromonical debate he would take it off and polish it, inside and out. This usually distracted his opponents so that they lost the thread of their argument.

PRICKLY FIGHTERS

If you make a pet of a hedgehog never bring it into the house, they are infested with fleas and other parasites. They will, however, keep your garden free of adders, to whose poison they are immune. A hedgehog will provoke an adder by biting it, the snake attacks the rolled up hedgehog until its venom is used up, the hedgehog kills the snake.

BEFORE ITS TIME

The screwdriver was invented before the screw. It was used to extract bent nails.

RULER OF THE WORLD

After the death of Pertinax, the Roman world was offered for sale by the all-powerful Praetorian Guard. Didius Salvius Julianus Marcus, a wealthy Roman merchant, outbid all others, and the world was knocked down to him after he had paid the equivalent in gold of £2,500,000 in 193 A.D. The Roman Senate took the oath of loyality to him.

When the Roman Legions stationed in Britain learned of the disgraceful deal, they rose in indignation. Under the leadership of General Septimius Severus, they hurried to Rome, where Didius was seized, deposed and beheaded, just a month after he'd purchased the world. Septimius there-upon became the Emperor of Rome.

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SAVAGE SHE-HULK!
SPIDER MAN URGENT WE MEET TORCH
NOW, MORE THAN EVER, BRITAIN'S GREATEST!

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The **incredible** DR WHO radios — known to all Time Lords as *TARDIS TUNERS* — are now available from the DAP **DR WHO MAIL ORDER** service !!

But as this is an unrepeatable, **end-of-line offer**, DAP are not selling the radios at the recommended price of £19.95 (with additional money for P&P) but at the **amazingly low price of only £12.00**, sent **post free!!** A saving of over £8.00 and an offer that gives you the chance to own your own Tardis Tuner.

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GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

A Marter to the cause

Good news this week for all of you interested in the stories of the second Doctor, Patrick Troughton.

Recently, the novelisation of the serial "Enemy of the People" was removed from Target Books' schedule of forthcoming books after the sad death of its author David Whitaker. David Whitaker not only wrote the book but was also responsible for penning the original teleplay seen way back in 1968. Set in the Earth of the not too distant future, "Enemy of the World" depicted a struggle between the Doctor and an evil dictator, Salamander, who physically resembled the Doctor in every way. Matters eventually moved to a climax aboard the TARDIS itself with Jamie and Victoria, for a while, unsure of who was the right Doctor!

Now, after a period of decision making, Ian Marter has elected to undertake the writing of the story hopefully for completion and release sometime in early 1981.

Ian Marter is a well-known name to legions of *Dr Who* fans. He has already built up a considerable reputation as a *Dr Who* novelist through his adaptions of the serials "The Sontaran Experiment", "The Ark in Space," and the recent "Ribos Operation". On the other side of the cameras he gained a wide following as UNIT Surgeon, Lieutenant Harry Sullivan, journeying with the fourth Doctor, Tom Baker, during his first two seasons.

UNIT'S armed forces

As originally conceived, UNIT was a team of specialist soldiers and scientists skilled in the detection and neutralisation of hostile alien life forms. If ever the problem got out of hand, UNIT's powers were wide enough to request conventional aid from the Army, Air Force and Navy to provide military strength to oppose determined invaders.

The careful wording of the above meant that, in television terms, most UNIT stories could quite adequately display UNIT's troop force in the form of a handful of soldiers. Thus massive inroads upon *Dr Who*'s budget could be avoided.

Occasionally however, the *Dr Who* producers would strike lucky. In 1968, for UNIT's debut story, the Ministry of Defence offered the BBC the loan of a battalion of troops, a helicopter and ground facilities at an air-base.

Hence, for the final gripping battle scences, genuine soldiers, more used to NATO Patrols in West Germany, found themselves unslinging rifles, grenades and bazookas to fight off the attacking Cybermen.

No-one enjoyed this scene more than Nicholas Courtney – otherwise known as Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart. For him, a one time private soldier, "The Invasion" provided him with an opportunity he had long awaited – a chance to command soldiers, confident that should any of his men step out of line, a Sergeant-Major would readily ensure the fight against the Cybermen was carried out with total seriousness.

K-9's vocal comeback

If, while browsing around your local toyshop, you are suddenly halted in your tracks by a familiar voice intoning, "Analysing atmosphere on planet's surface . . . acceptable to humanoids." – don't be alarmed. After a very long wait K-9 has finally invaded the toy market, complete with his master's voice.

Palitoy's "Talking K-9" was due to arrive in the shops in time for Christmas last year but problems with the voice sound-track caused it to be recalled for re-modification – a problem the Doctor himself often has with his robot companion.

Now, however, all those problems are solved, and eager *Dr Who* fans can now purchase the speaking replica of tv's famous canine. The actual voice is provided by a small record disc fitted inside the robot and worked by a battery operated motor. Unlike Palitoy's other *Dr Who* toy, the "Talking Dalek", this record can be turned over to give K-9 a total of almost ten different phrases.

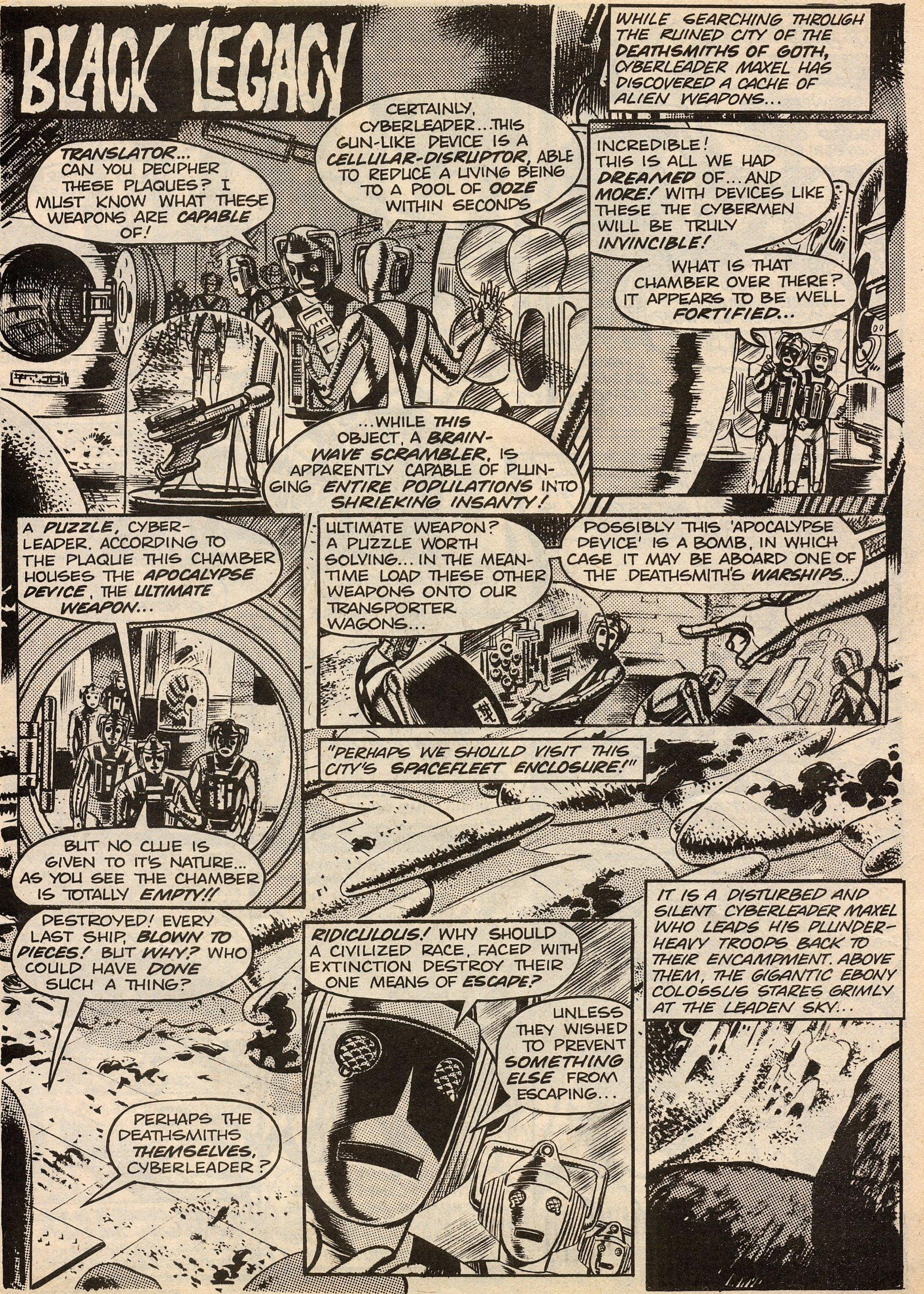
Weathering the storm

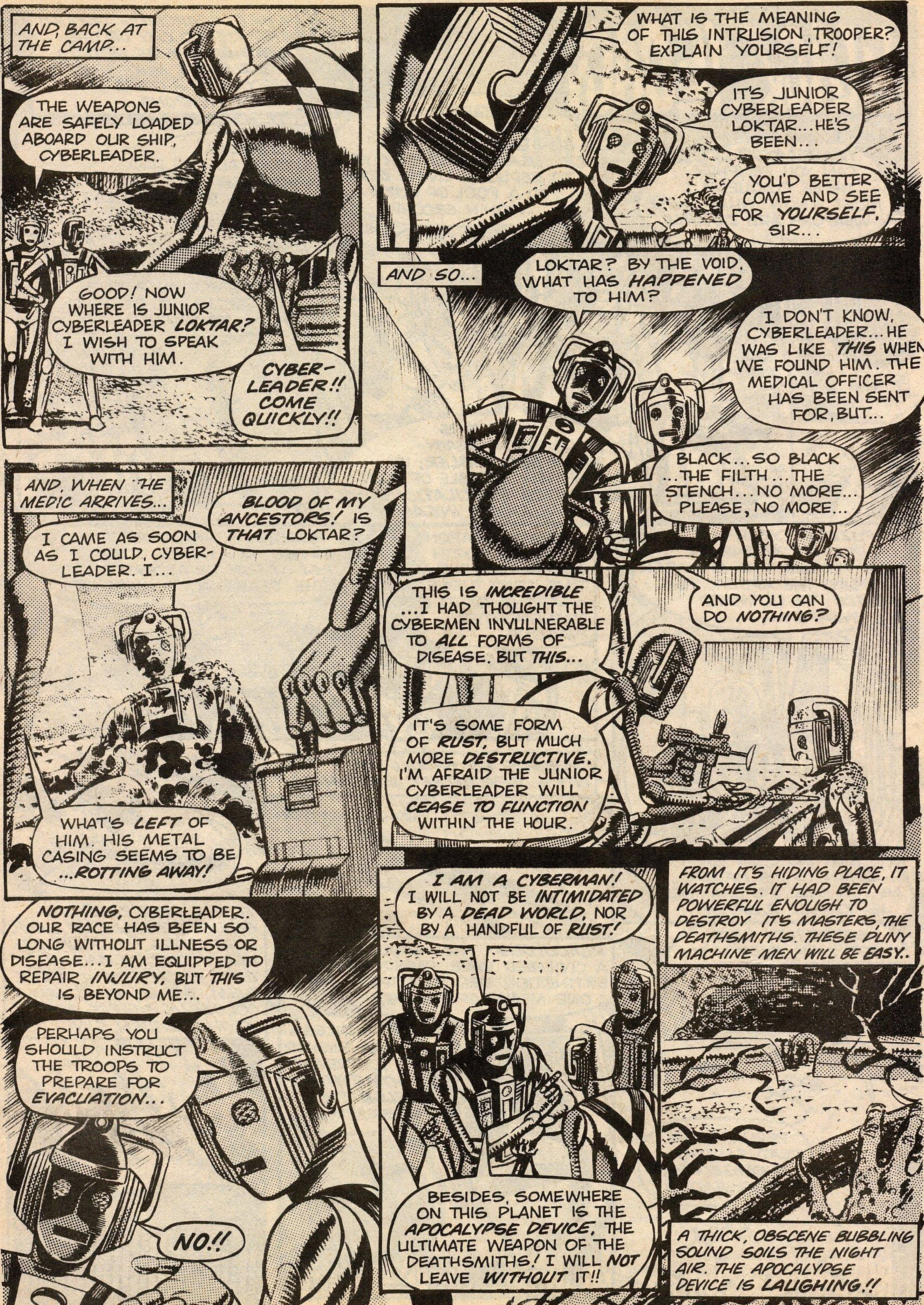
If you thought that the unexpectedly bright sunny day that greeted the supposedly off-season shooting in Brighton recently caused problems, (issue 31) there were even greater difficulties in an earlier *Dr Who* adventure.

For the 1971 story "The Claws of Axos", the *Dr Who* film crew took themselves off to a remote part of Britain's north-east coast to film the exterior scenes around the landing of the Axos spaceship. For those couple of days the weather turned on an absolute extravaganza of varying conditions.

During the first morning it was sunny, by afternoon it was pouring with rain. Next morning a snow shower greeted the cast and production staff and by mid-afternoon a howling wind was blowing all in sight.

Finally, exasperated by these conditions, Terrance Dicks, then the show's script-editor, wrote in a line for the Brigadier neatly explaining that the landing of Axos had produced "freak weather conditions"!


BLACK LEGACY
WHILE SEARCHING THROUGH THE RUINED CITY OF THE DEATHSMITHS OF GOTH, CYBERLEADER MAXEL HAS DISCOVERED A CACHE OF ALIEN WEAPONS...
TRANSLATOR... CAN YOU DECIPHER THESE PLAQUES? I MUST KNOW WHAT THESE WEAPONS ARE CAPABLE OF!
CERTAINLY, CYBERLEADER... THIS GUN-LIKE DEVICE IS A CELLULAR-DISRUPTOR, ABLE TO REDUCE A LIVING BEING TO A POOL OF OOZE WITHIN SECONDS
...WHILE THIS OBJECT, A BRAIN-WAVE SCRAMBLER, IS APPARENTLY CAPABLE OF PLUNGING ENTIRE POPULATIONS INTO SHRIEKING INSANTY!
INCREDIBLE! THIS IS ALL WE HAD DREAMED OF... AND MORE! WITH DEVICES LIKE THESE THE CYBERMEN WILL BE TRULY INVINCIBLE!
WHAT IS THAT CHAMBER OVER THERE? IT APPEARS TO BE WELL FORTIFIED...
A PUZZLE, CYBERLEADER. ACCORDING TO THE PLAQUE THIS CHAMBER HOUSES THE APOCALYPSE DEVICE, THE ULTIMATE WEAPON...
BUT NO CLUE IS GIVEN TO IT'S NATURE... AS YOU SEE THE CHAMBER IS TOTALLY EMPTY!!
ULTIMATE WEAPON? A PUZZLE WORTH SOLVING... IN THE MEANTIME LOAD THESE OTHER WEAPONS ONTO OUR TRANSPORTER WAGONS...
POSSIBLY THIS 'APOCALYPSE DEVICE' IS A BOMB, IN WHICH CASE IT MAY BE ABOARD ONE OF THE DEATHSMITH'S WARSHIPS...
"PERHAPS WE SHOULD VISIT THIS CITY'S SPACEFLEET ENCLOSURE!"
DESTROYED! EVERY LAST SHIP, BLOWN TO PIECES! BUT WHY? WHO COULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING?
PERHAPS THE DEATHSMITHS THEMSELVES, CYBERLEADER?
RIDICULOUS! WHY SHOULD A CIVILIZED RACE, FACED WITH EXTINCTION DESTROY THEIR ONE MEANS OF ESCAPE?
UNLESS THEY WISHED TO PREVENT SOMETHING ELSE FROM ESCAPING...
IT IS A DISTURBED AND SILENT CYBERLEADER MAXEL WHO LEADS HIS PLUNDER-HEAVY TROOPS BACK TO THEIR ENCAMPMENT. ABOVE THEM, THE GIGANTIC EBONY COLOSSUS STARES GRIMLY AT THE LEADEN SKY...


AND, BACK AT THE CAMP...
THE WEAPONS ARE SAFELY LOADED ABOARD OUR SHIP, CYBERLEADER.
GOOD! NOW WHERE IS JUNIOR CYBERLEADER LOKTAR? I WISH TO SPEAK WITH HIM.
CYBER-LEADER!! COME QUICKLY!!
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION, TROOPER? EXPLAIN YOURSELF!
IT'S JUNIOR CYBERLEADER LOKTAR... HE'S BEEN...
YOU'D BETTER COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, SIR...
AND SO...
LOKTAR? BY THE VOID. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM?
I DON'T KNOW, CYBERLEADER... HE WAS LIKE THIS WHEN WE FOUND HIM. THE MEDICAL OFFICER HAS BEEN SENT FOR, BUT...
BLACK... SO BLACK ...THE FILTH... THE STENCH... NO MORE... PLEASE, NO MORE...
AND, WHEN THE MEDIC ARRIVES...
I CAME AS SOON AS I COULD, CYBER-LEADER. I...
BLOOD OF MY ANCESTORS! IS THAT LOKTAR?
WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM. HIS METAL CASING SEEMS TO BE ...ROTTING AWAY!
THIS IS INCREDIBLE ...I HAD THOUGHT THE CYBERMEN INVULNERABLE TO ALL FORMS OF DISEASE. BUT THIS...
AND YOU CAN DO NOTHING?
IT'S SOME FORM OF RUST, BUT MUCH MORE DESTRUCTIVE. I'M AFRAID THE JUNIOR CYBERLEADER WILL CEASE TO FUNCTION WITHIN THE HOUR.
NOTHING, CYBERLEADER. OUR RACE HAS BEEN SO LONG WITHOUT ILLNESS OR DISEASE... I AM EQUIPPED TO REPAIR INJURY, BUT THIS IS BEYOND ME...
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD INSTRUCT THE TROOPS TO PREPARE FOR EVACUATION...
NO!!
I AM A CYBERMAN! I WILL NOT BE INTIMIDATED BY A DEAD WORLD, NOR BY A HANDFUL OF RUST!
BESIDES, SOMEWHERE ON THIS PLANET IS THE APOCALYPSE DEVICE, THE ULTIMATE WEAPON OF THE DEATHSMITHS! I WILL NOT LEAVE WITHOUT IT!!
FROM IT'S HIDING PLACE, IT WATCHES. IT HAD BEEN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY IT'S MASTERS, THE DEATHSMITHS. THESE PUNY MACHINE MEN WILL BE EASY..
A THICK, OBSCENE BUBBLING SOUND SOILS THE NIGHT AIR. THE APOCALYPSE DEVICE IS LAUGHING!!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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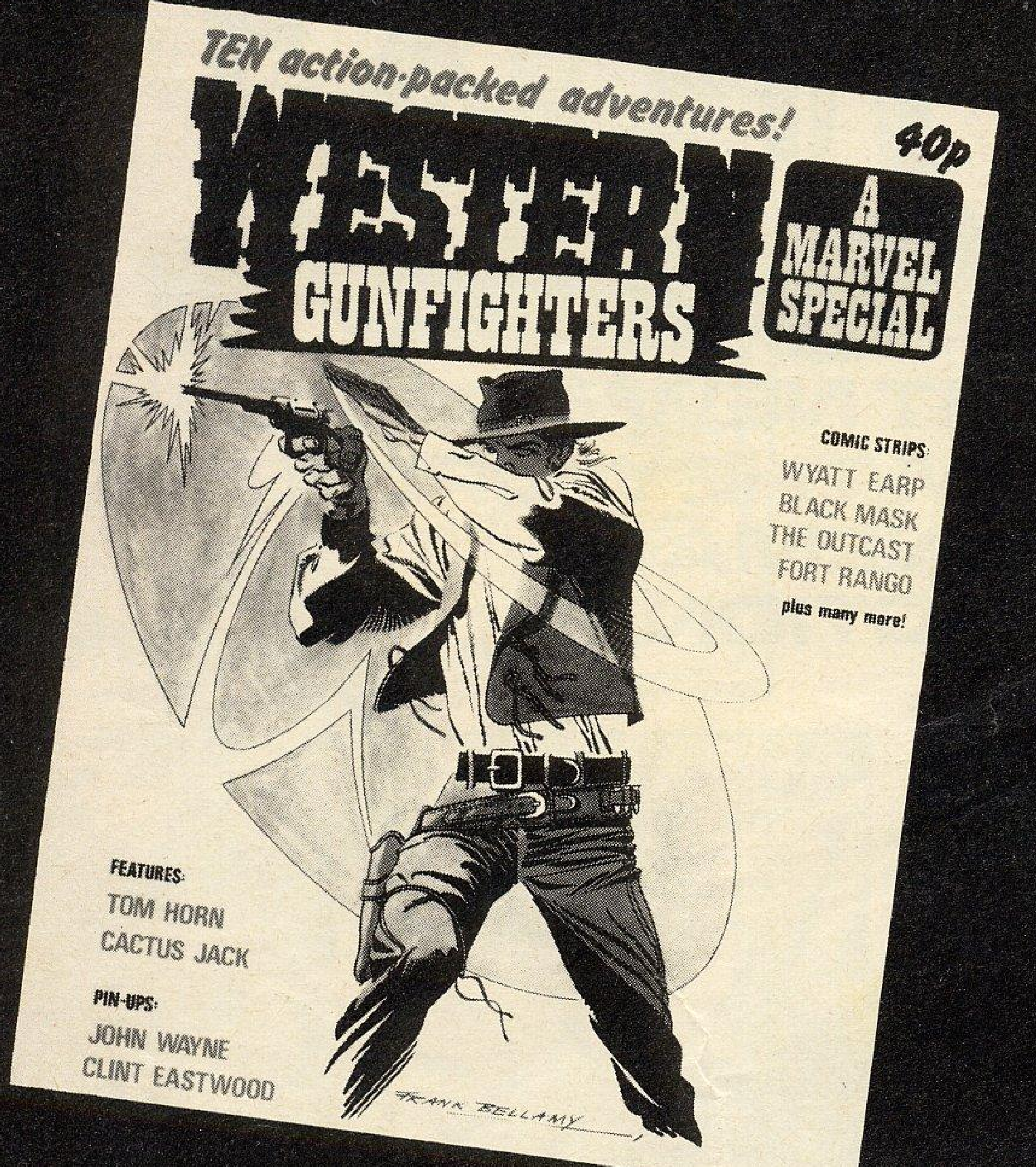
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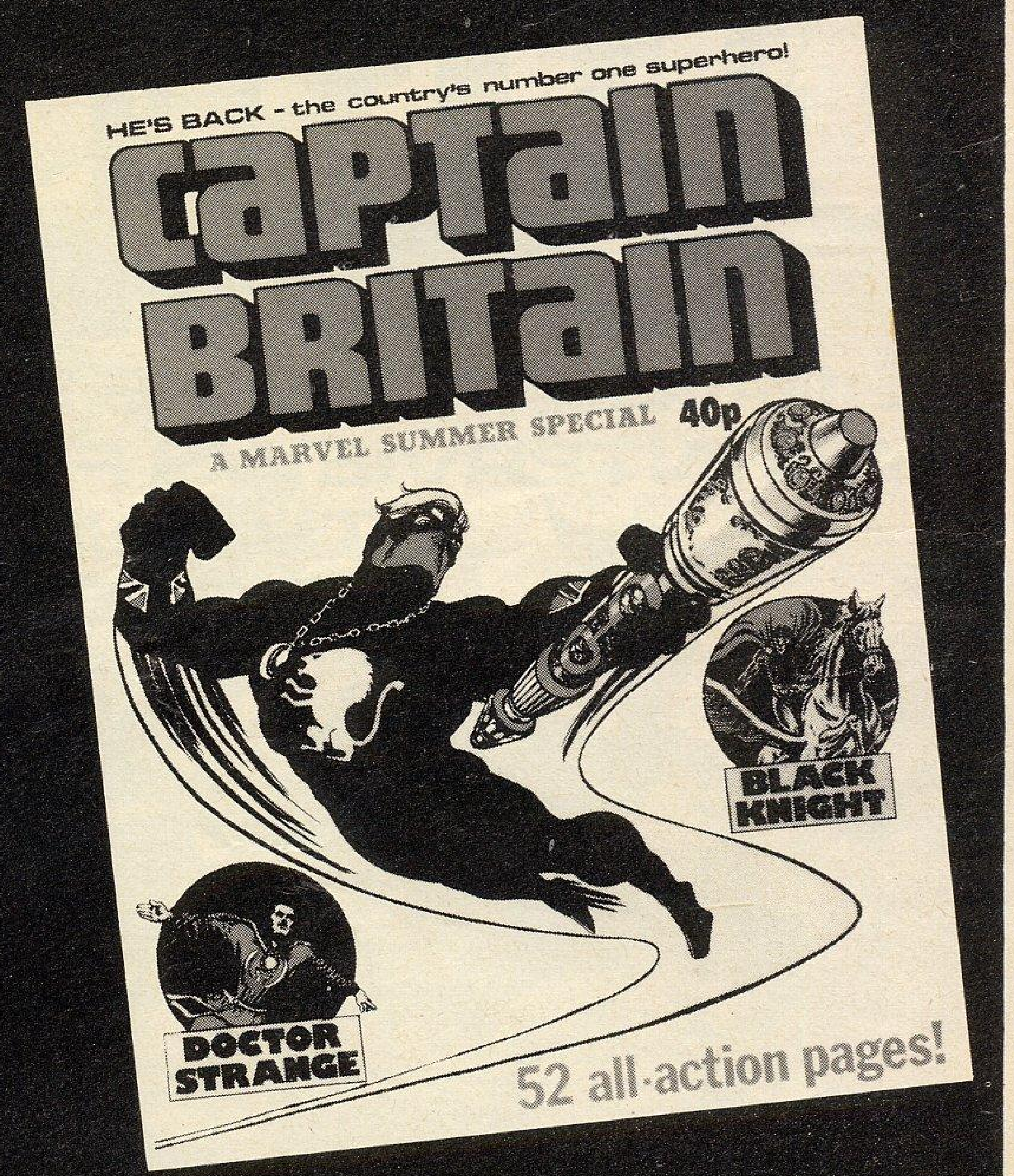
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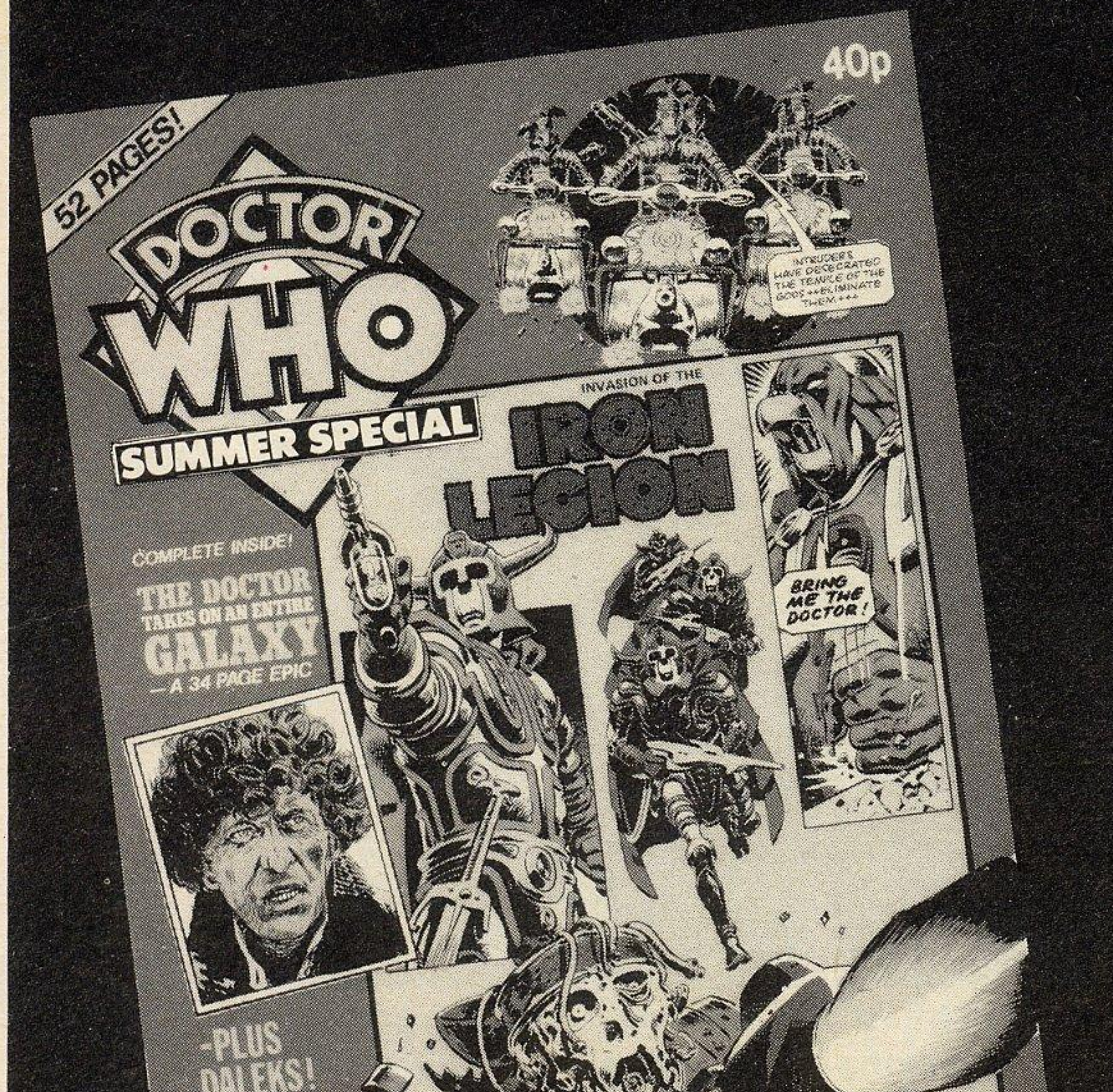
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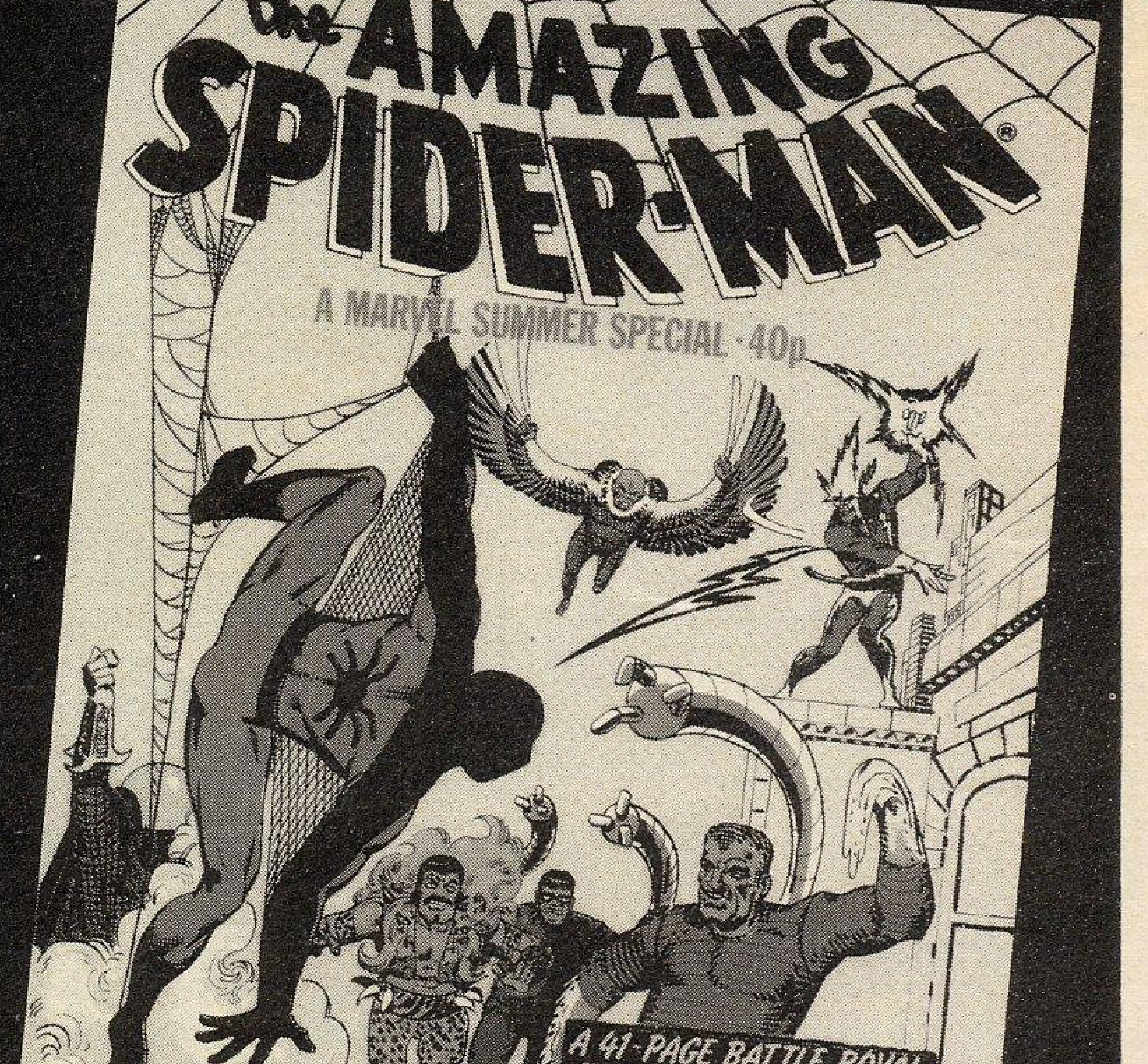
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